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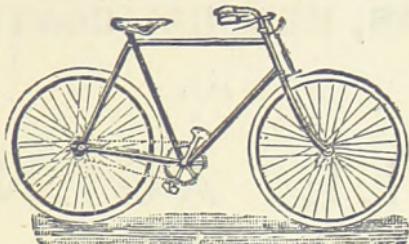
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CYCLING IN BENGAL,

A Guide

TO

PRACTICAL TOURS.

BY

W. S. BURKE.

*The Official Handbook of the BENGAL CYCLISTS
ASSOCIATION.*

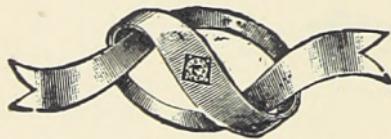


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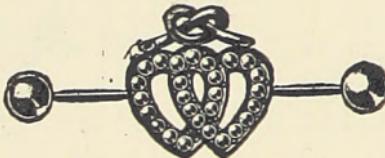
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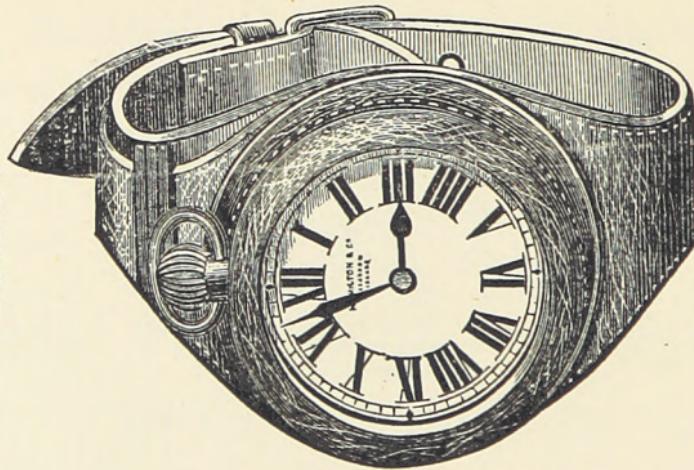
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PREFACE.

The object of this little book, which deals with nearly two thousand miles of road, is to awaken some interest among Bengal Cyclists in the subject of touring, a branch of the pastime to which very little attention has hitherto been paid. Bengal offers peculiar facilities for cycle touring, with its excellent roads, dâk bungalows, rail and river communications, its large mofussil stations, and its interesting show places. The information given in these pages is the result of personal acquaintance with every route therein described, and the author regards these trips as among his most pleasant experiences during a protracted sojourn in India. None but *practicable* tours have been dealt with, so that any cyclist with a few days' leisure may undertake any or all with confidence, and the certainty of healthy recreation coupled with novelty, a good deal of amusement, and of gaining that experience which must always be useful to Europeans domiciled in this country.

W. S. B.

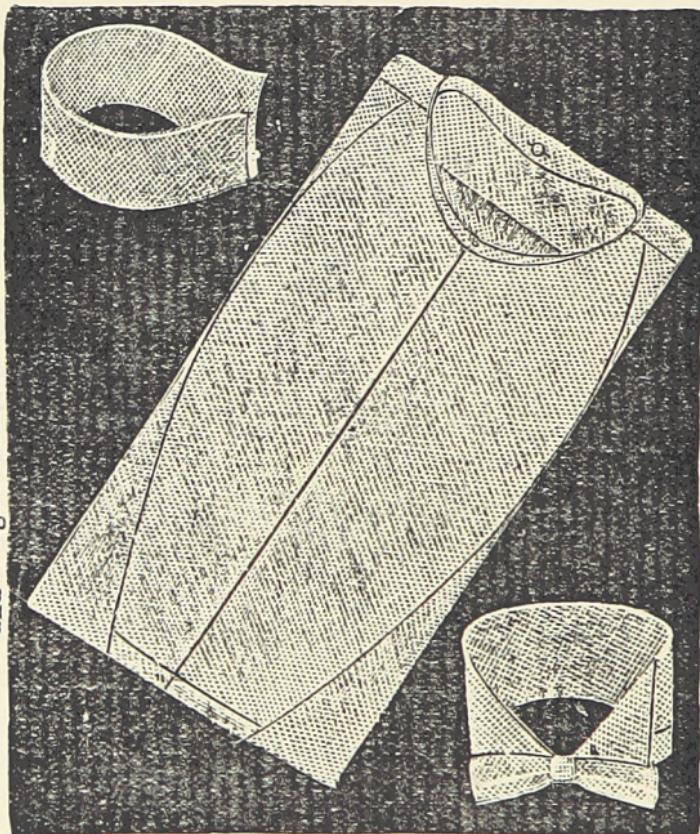
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CYCLING IN BENGAL.

CHAPTER I.

THE ADVANTAGES OF TOURING.

We have often heard it said that cycle touring is impracticable in India. It is urged that there are no proper roads, that food supplies and shelter are insufficient, that the heat is too great, that there is nothing to see or learn, and that, even if one is foolhardy enough to attempt a run through the country, the pleasure experienced and the benefit derived are ridiculously disproportionate to the labour and discomfort gone through. We have invariably found that these arguments are in the mouths of those who have never ventured beyond municipal limits, and whose practical knowledge of the subject rests on the observations made round and about the Calcutta *maidan*. Touring is the highest form of enjoyment in cycling, and there can be no doubt that the extreme popularity of the bicycle in England is due in a great measure to the special advantages it offers to tourists, on either a large or a small scale.

Let us consider what can be done on a cycle. A walk of three or four hours' duration in India involves a fair amount of exertion, yet in the course of this time the pedestrian is confined within a comparatively narrow circle; indeed, should he chance to live in

a large town, he will hardly have cleared the suburbs in a couple of hours' constitutional. A horse is expensive to buy and costly to keep, while it cannot be used too freely or for too fast work, but a bicycle is cheap when compared to the price of even a moderately good horse ; it suffers in a mechanical sense only from hard work, and the rider's powers of endurance form the only limit to the work extracted from it, while, as it can easily be ridden at the pace of a fast horse, a cyclist can ride ten miles while a pedestrian is walking three, this being a fair average for a person who rides merely for amusement, and has no aspirations towards scorching. In other words, while a man travelling afoot is getting from Calcutta to, say, Ghoosery, the bicyclist will about have reached Serampore, and at the end will be much less fatigued than the other.

The ability to thus obtain a change of scene is not the least of the advantages offered by the bicycle, which has now been taken up by the highest in the land. There was a time when bicyclists were rather looked down upon, and when few people of good social position were seen on machines. Ten years ago we might have looked in vain for an announcement that a Judge of the High Court and his wife were taking a tour on their bicycles. Fashion, however, has taken bicycling under its wing, with the result that wheelmen and wheelwomen have increased and multiplied, and what was once regarded as an amusement for the middle classes, is now universally popular. That bicycling is no longer an amusement to be ashamed of is an extremely fortunate circumstance,

for a good many who would not care to act in defiance of popular opinion, as a healthy and convenient mode of travel is now open to every one of average activity.

There are many Europeans, especially those whose business confines them to the Presidency towns, who see and consequently know little or nothing of India, its scenery and its people, its possibilities and its realities. They retire to England when their exile is over with an ignorance of their surroundings which is simply astonishing. The reason of this in the majority of cases is lack of opportunity, but with the bicycle now firmly established here, this disability is at once removed. It is only by road travelling that one can obtain an adequate idea of the beauty of the country passed through, that its physical features can be fully appreciated or the manners and customs of its people be understood. The train takes us too rapidly through, but the cycle just hits the happy medium, for while it can be ridden with comfort over three times as fast as a man can walk, the average tourist does not travel so rapidly as to preclude him from observing and enjoying his surroundings.

There are many hundreds of cyclists in Calcutta alone, yet we doubt if more than a score have ever done two successive days' journeying in this country. To us this is absolutely incomprehensible, unless it is that they are still under the first charm of motion and pace; in due time we hope this will give way to the far more lasting love of rambling and exploration, and thus the new cyclists who are so in obedience to fashion's call, will become permanent members of the great army of wheelmen.

CHAPTER II.

CARE OF THE MACHINE.

Ere starting on a tour, it is essential that the machine, which is to carry us through, begins the journey in a condition likely to conduce to the best possible result. The success of a tour depends as much on the running qualities of one's bicycle as on anything, so that any extra time and trouble devoted to a preliminary over-haul is well laid out. Both wheel bearings and crank axle should be carefully examined, cleaned thoroughly by a fairly liberal injection of kerosine, then adjusted and oiled. The chain must next be worked at, for if it does not run smoothly and with an almost complete absence of friction, hard labour is the lot of the rider, and with the soorkey-dressed roads of Bengal, the detail of the chain is one that needs frequent attention. A thorough brushing over, under and between the links, the oiling of each link, a polish with a cloth and a final dressing of the inner face with stick graphite, or black lead, is the proper treatment. Five minutes spent on this will make a wonderful difference in the work, and help most materially towards the pleasure of a day's ride, and among the implements carried in the bag, a chain brush is almost indispensable. Before starting, and at the end of each day's journey, the entire machine should be overhauled and thoroughly tuned up for the next day. Loose or broken spokes must be looked for, as a few such may mean the collapse of the wheel.

Sometimes a spoke will break close to the axle and be kept in position by the fact of it being tied to its neighbour.

In a new machine nuts are apt to work loose at first. Those on the axles of the wheels and on the inner ends of the pedals next the cranks are the most important, and should be made as taut as ordinary muscular effort can make them. Bicycles are shipped by the makers with the pedals off, and at the selling agency the pedals are sometimes carelessly attached. This is one great cause of broken pedals. Once the pedal is loosened, it slips gradually away from the crank, and then some particularly hard thrust strips the thread from both male and female screw and the pedal drops off. The trouble cannot be remedied on the road (except that when the thread is only slightly defaced, a short piece of soft wire may sometimes be screwed in with it and serve temporarily), and the wheelman is obliged to ride home with one leg and get a new pedal, axle and crank piece. Another point to look to is the security of the handle bar ; neglect to do this may result in a very nasty accident.

It is the common practice in India for the bicycle to be left to the tender mercies of the syce or the bearer. Now the average Indian domestic is never so profitably employed, according to his way of thinking, as when he is occasioning loss and annoyance to his employer. Put him in absolute charge of a bicycle, and he will do his best to damage the machine and endanger the safety of its rider. He will take a fiendish pride in scratching the enamel ; if he can loosen a nut, he does so gladly ; he will deluge the machine

with water to the destruction of the tyres and the rusting of the working parts ; if he can strip off the nickel plating wholesale, his joy is perfect. In short, he regards a bicycle committed to his care as something to be rendered unserviceable and unsightly as rapidly as possible, and if left to his own devices, he completely carries out his theory. Many things in this country tend to prevent the cyclist from grooming his own mount ; but if the Aryan is to perform the work, the owner's interests are secured by nothing else than constant and minute examination. And while on the subject, we may say that the thing can be over done.

A good clean-up is desirable once in a while, but not absolutely necessary, as regards the outside. If a man's natural instinct does not teach him to keep his wheel spick and span, the wheel will not necessarily suffer. It may be covered with mud or grease and run as easily and give the rider just as much satisfaction as the most fastidiously kept bicycle, provided, of course, the running parts are in good condition, which is a simple matter to attend to.

It must not be understood that we are in favour of dirty bicycles, inside or out, but people before this have been deterred from purchasing wheels through a mistaken sense of the requirements necessary to keep them in serviceable condition, and it is our purpose to show that no great sacrifice of time or energy is required. What is in reality a simple matter has, to the uninitiated, assumed forbidding proportions, chiefly because it is customary to give too many directions. Most riders, after a time, by contact with others, naturally and without effort,

pick up a knowledge of bicycles and their requirements, and it is time enough then to take them apart and clean the bearings and alter the adjustment and experiment in the ways so dear to some people. But if the rider never gets that knowledge and never has a desire to meddle with his wheel, as is sometimes the case, there is no great cause for worry. If by any chance the nickeled parts become wet, they should be wiped with a dry cloth, and afterwards, if one does not mind their collecting a film of dust, with a greasy cloth. In the case of good dust-proof bearings the easy-running qualities of the bicycle will not necessarily be impaired by going a year or more without cleaning. Of course, grit or dirt in the bearings tends to wear the parts, but a small amount of wear is not such an unpleasant thing as might appear, for after a season's use bicycles commonly run better than at the start. Even if bearings wear out, there is a remedy, for new cones and balls are within the reach of all at a slight expense. Then again, it is perfectly possible to have the maximum of profit and pleasure from a bicycle without any undue sacrifice of time or patience in its care. See that the chain and wheels are lubricated, and let the rest of the directions slide. If, however, you are methodical and neat and have a reasonable amount of time and patience, you may go further and keep your wheel like a new pin. It is satisfactory to know that each ball in the bearings is bright as a silver globe and that the spokes are not marred by rust pits, that the adjustment is perfect, and that there is no undue wear on any part, that the enamel is glossy and unscratched. All this is good and worthy of

emulation, and we have no hesitation in recommending it as the best plan. A well-kept wheel is a patent of respectability, and with experience most riders learn to appreciate this fact in its application to themselves.

Finally, if the cyclist has no mechanical ability, and does not understand the whys and wherefores of his wheel, we recommend him or her not to tinker with it or allow friends to do so. When it goes seriously out of order, it will be found cheaper and more satisfactory in every respect to call in professional aid.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT TO TAKE.

Some general observations on the subject of preliminary preparations may be useful to those who have not yet attempted a run into the districts. We shall endeavour to make these suggestions as complete as possible, leaving it to individual taste to make such modifications as may be deemed suitable. On deciding to undertake a tour, the first consideration to be dealt with, after the route has been selected, is what to take in the way of kit. And in this connection the question is not so much what to take as what to leave behind. One is inclined to reflect with a smile on early experiences, when the selection included a big roll of bedding, a plethoric bag of clothes, an assortment of provisions, cutlery, glass, mess, kit and oddments lashed on to frame and handle bar or dangling under the saddle, till the machine looked more like a gipsy caravan than anything else. A single day's run sufficed to show that about half of this might, with advantage, have been left behind, and at the end of the second day one was convinced that two-thirds of it was mere lumber. As to clothing, we shall not attempt to recommend what material should be worn; that is a matter that must be left to the tourist's own taste; but we would suggest just three things: good cycling shoes, with strap fastenings, Cawnpore twill shirts and flannel underwear. For a week's tour the bag fitted

into the frame should contain the following articles:— 1 pair breeches, 2 shirts, 1 banian, 1 pair stockings, 1 cap, pyjamas, towel, handkerchiefs, air pillow, comb and brush, soap, &c. A blanket, tightly rolled, can be strapped on the handle bar, and a spare strap should be carried for securing the coat when riding without it. This kit will be found ample on a trip which carries one far from Mofussil stations and the railway; but where the halting places admit of luggage being booked ahead, there will be no necessity to encumber one's self with anything but the cap and strap.

Presuming that the cyclist intends leaving the beaten track, he will require, in addition to the above, a small bag or leather case, such as most of the cyclist's outfitters offer, fixed on the inside of the handle bar (so that he can get at it without dismounting), and containing:—knife, fork and spoon, a "shikaries" pocket knife, a flask of brandy, packets of tea and sugar, sun goggles, enamelled iron goblet, a serviette, and (*not forgetting*) a phial of, say, Carter's little liver pills, and a bottle of Chlorodyne. These will occupy but a few inches cubic space; the tea and sugar can be stowed in the goblet, the rest of the things can be rolled up in the serviette so as not to rattle, and there will still be room for fruit and etceteras, which can be bought on the road. The tea and sugar are really necessary, for except at the dâk bungalows, no food can be obtained. For example, on reaching what is called an "Inspection bungalow" (chiefly used by officials on tour), one finds furniture, crockery, &c., but no provisions and no cook. Here it is that the tea comes in, likewise the brandy, for the *chowkidar* in charge is

always equal to the effort of producing boiling water and *chapatis*, while eggs and milk are usually forthcoming. There are worse things than a good cup of tea and *chapatis* or an egg flip, and when there is nothing else to be got, it is wonderful how far one can travel on them. This is, of course, only for intermediate refreshment, for at least two dâk bungalows can be worked into the daily ride as a rule. Cold tea will also be found the most satisfactory drink to put in the water bottle. The sense of coolness and comfort attending the use of sun goggles when riding all day can only be appreciated by those who have travelled with and without them.

The full complement of tools and repairing gear must be carried, and, in addition, some fine copper wire, strong English twine, a little stick graphite, and a brush for the chain, a duster and a spare bottle of lubricant, for nothing but mustard, castor or cocoanut oil can be got on the road. Then the lamp with a new wick, the water bottle above alluded to, with felt cover and shoulder strap and a camera, if so disposed, a good supply of small change, and the equipment is complete. The entire kit, bags, lamp, and blanket should not weigh more than twelve or thirteen pounds. As we observed before, when railway stations occur along the route, no kit need be carried. For example, between Calcutta and Burdwan the line runs almost parallel with the road; therefore nothing beyond the water bottle and implements need be carried, luggage being booked to await arrival.

CHAPTER IV.

CALCUTTA TO BURDWAN.

DISTANCE 75 miles.

ROAD.—Excellent and shaded nearly the whole way.

ACCOMMODATION.—Hotels at Chandernagore (see appendix), bungalow at Punduah, dâk bungalow and Kellner's Refreshment-rooms at Burdwan.

TRAINS.—See East Indian Railway local time table in the appendix.

The distance between Calcutta and Burdwan by road, taking Government House as the starting point, is exactly seventy-five miles, and in the cold weather it is as interesting a section of the Grand Trunk Road as can be found between the metropolis and Allahabad. The road is generally in good repair, at least seven-eighths of the journey being over capital soorkey-dressed surface such as may be found round and about Ballygunge and Alipore. There is abundant shade, long avenues of peepul and banyan trees being a distinctive feature of the road. Many interesting places are passed. There are scores of picturesque bits for the camera ; the stations are so frequent that in case of a complete breakdown, the tourist is hardly ever more than a mile from one, and there is abundant shelter and commissariat all through, though in a single day's run the latter are not very important considerations.

An early start should be made, the earlier the better, the best plan being always to "break the neck of the journey" before the long mid-day halt. Besides, it is an advantage to get through Howrah and the bazaars

before the population begins to crawl over the road, or refuse carts commence to thicken the atmosphere. After crossing the Howrah bridge the first turning to the right is taken, and again at the second level crossing the tourist by heading to the right gets into Sulkea and on to the Grand Trunk Road at once. There is an alternative route round by Ghoosery, which brings one on to the main road close to the police ferry at the 5th mile stone, but the bazaar is very bad, and little is gained beyond a picturesque view of the river opposite Mr. Stalkartt's house and grounds. After leaving the police ferry the road begins to be very pretty, and close to Bally it runs along the river bank amid charming sylvan scenery. At Bally there are the Paper Mills, Bone Mills and other industrial concerns, but these are not show places, and permission to visit the former can only be obtained from Messrs. George Henderson and Co., the Calcutta Agents, or from the mill manager. Leaving the Bally khal bridge behind, we come to Utterpara, "the model municipality"; why "model" we cannot say, save perhaps in respect of its heedless crowds, rather offensive bazaar and narrow lanes. Fruit can be got in the market on most days, but nothing to drink is obtainable. After Utterpara from the 8th to the 12th mile several pretty glimpses of the river are had; the "Twelve Apostles," Barnagore and the houses and gardens on the opposite bank, with several quaint little hamlets and some temples abutting the road, claim attention. Through Konnaghur and Mohesh, where the monster Juggernaut cars are housed, the road is wider and more open; some jute mills are passed, and the next turning to the left, after passing

the pillar box, brings us to the road leading to the Railway Station, fourteen miles from the start. It is as well to halt here ten minutes. Good drinking water can be had at the station, lemonade doubtful, beer and some fruit can be had in the adjacent bazaar. We negotiate the level crossing, wheeling our machines, for the lines are not sunk as they should be, and, remounting, continue through Baidybatty and Seoraphuli, pass the Hastings Mills and enter the magnificent avenues and the incomparable stretch of road leading to Bhadreshwar. Before Chandernagore is reached there is another big bazaar, in which the traffic is always very congested. Bales of jute, carts, coolies, children, old women and dogs abound, and the road is generally in bad repair. After crossing the culvert which marks the boundary of French territory, the first turning to the right brings us through a few crooked rows of tumble-down houses on the *Boulevard de Chandernagore*, and a few yards further we alight at the Hotel Casanova (25 miles), and then—to breakfast. If we have started at 5 A. M., we should be discussing that meal (arranged for by letter N. B.) about 8 o'clock, and after half an hour's rest should continue.

It is easy enough to get into Chandernagore, but difficult to pick up the main road after leaving the hotel. The shortest way is to take the turning at the end of the *Boulevard*, skirt round the big tank, turn to the right, and a little way beyond the bazaar we find a sign board indicating the *route de Benares*, and then we are once again on the Grand Trunk Road. Bandel with its old fortified church and monastery, Hooghly, and its famous Imambara, the old fashioned Dutch

settlement of Chinsurah, established in the 17th century and now the head-quarters of the Hooghly division, Tribeni, a pilgrim resort of great sanctity, are all along the route, and a halt can be made at each or all these places for a look round. At Bansberia, about 3 miles north of Hooghly town, there is a famous temple with 13 pinnacles and as many images of Siva, dedicated to the Goddess Hanseswari. It was formerly guarded by a fort and trench, and at one time was resorted to by the people of the neighbourhood for protection against the Maharatas. Then we twine and twist among avenues of dense and grateful shade, over high and low level bridges, pass troupes of Hunnaman monkeys screeching overhead or following us with incredible swings from bough to bough, and emerge into the open at Magura.

From this point to Panduah, about seven miles, the road runs through paddy fields. It is very open country here, and we generally get a strong cross wind. At Panduah there is an inspection bungalow and a fairly well stocked native bazaar, fruit, milk, eggs, fowls and vegetables being procurable. A few minutes' rest in the verandah is all that would be necessary, as a rule, while we sample the cold tea (with a squeeze of lime in it) which we have brought in our water bottles. We resume our journey, and pass Koochmali (50th mile), Boinchee, Memari and other small villages, and bring up under the shade of the trees at the 60th mile close to the railway crossing. Here we discuss the light tiffin we have brought with us, and have a long stretch on the grass. If we have ridden steadily at ten miles an

hour and allowed for short stoppages and breakfast at Chandernagore, we shall be here by about 1 P. M. If we have not hurried ourselves, but pottered along very easily, we shall arrive, perhaps, an hour later. There is now but fifteen miles between us and dinner; we can afford to spend a couple of hours under the trees.

From this point into Burdwan the roads are always perfect, and at the outside a couple of hours should see us at our destination. We make for the dâk bungalow, take delivery of our bedding and Gladstone bag from the station, and either dine at Kellner's refreshment room or at the dâk bungalow—the former undoubtedly, and if we are well advised we have ordered dinner by letter the day before. There is a good deal of interest to see in Burdwan, which is first mentioned in Mahomedan histories in 1574. It is the principal town and civil station of the district, and is one mile from the railway station. It contains the palace and fine gardens of the Maha-raja, the "Sivalaya," a collection of 108 temples arranged in two circles, and the shrine of Pirbaharam. Culna, the port and principal seat of trade in the district, is on the Baghirathi, and has the ruins of a large Mahomedan fort. The principal manufacture of the district is the weaving of *saris* and *dhotis*; there are also a considerable number of workers in gold, silver and brass. We can see these things if we have time, or return to Calcutta by rail the same night if we are hurried. If not, we can take it leisurely next day by the early passenger train, or ride back on our machines.

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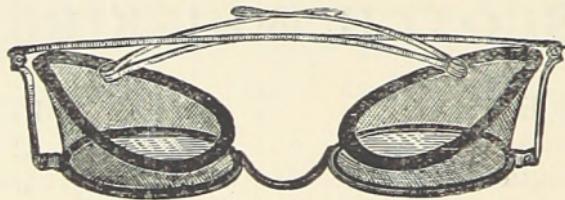
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CHAPTER V.

BURDWAN TO BARAKAR.

DISTANCE $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

ROAD.—Well shaded, with slight undulations from Kyrasole to Barakar.

ACCOMMODATION.—Williams' Hotel at Raneegunge, Kellner's Refreshment Rooms at Burdwan and Assansol. Dâk Bungalows at Burdwan and Barakar.

TRAINS.—Howrah to Sitarampur Sitarampur to Barakar

Fares 13-6-6—6-11-3—1-13-9. 143 miles.

FROM BURDWAN TO BARAKAR the distance by the Grand Trunk Road is $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, just a comfortable day's ride. The way lies between the Bancura and Soory districts, and there is a good deal of interest *en route*. The scenery changes completely about midway, and there is sufficient gradient in places to make a long run down hill over a perfect soorkey surface, a change which the flat monotony of Bengal roads renders all the more welcome.

In our last chapter we left the cyclist comfortably installed in the Burdwan Dâk Bungalow. Again we lay stress on an early start, preceded by a substantial *chhota hazri*, the water bottle filled with cold tea, and a few oranges and a packet of sandwiches in the bag. This will be quite enough provender to take, for Williams' Hotel at Raneegunge and Kellner's Refreshment Rooms at Assansol occur at the right intervals between Burdwan and Barakar.

After leaving the Dâk Bungalow the cyclist picks up the main road within a few yards of the 75th milestone,

and leaving the Railway Station and its environs behind, in a few minutes enters open country. Trees have been planted on either side, but they are too young to afford any shade. Far away on the horizon are belts of trees; but, as a rule, the wind whistles over the intervening paddy fields and offers considerable resistance to the pedalling, while in December and January it is cold enough to put a keen edge on the rider, who will appreciate the fact all the more when he seats himself at the hospitable board of the genial Williams. An occasional hamlet is passed, where early carters and slumbering bullocks are huddled round big fires, the former engaged on the matutinal *hookah*, the latter snatching the last few moments of rest ere the labours and miseries of another day begin. Large tanks are frequent, sugarcane, rice, toddy, cocoanut and babul trees occur at shorter intervals, till nearing the 90th mile, we get once more into the avenues we left behind at Burdwan.

A few minutes halt at Boodh-Boodh is the next item on the programme. Here we find a quaint little police outpost with an officer all civility and anxiety to cater for our wants. His resources are limited, but he can, as a rule, provide milk, sweets and fruit, and at a pinch, with time allowed, can run to a capital dish of vegetable curry, or a fowl stew with *chapatis*. But we shall not impose this strain on his hospitality, for at Raneegunge there is breakfast awaiting us. Remounting, we pedal steadily on to Kyrasole through peepul and banyan groves, and alight for another spell just 38 miles from the start. It is a pretty spot, with its ruined bungalow and the traces of what was once a well laid out garden.

There are some magnificent trees about, and opposite the deserted bungalow is another decayed tenement, the property, we believe, of one of the coal companies in the district. There is a well quite handy, from which pure cold water is obtainable, and as it is a popular halting place for carters, wayfarers and travelling merchants, the scene around the little encampment is often picturesque and interesting. A man with a camera will find between this and Assansol many bits that may be developed into charming pictures.

As soon as Kyrasole is left behind, the country gets hilly and the vegetation changes completely. Plodding up the slopes and coasting down the other side of these hillocks, we could almost fancy we were back again in Kent or Sussex, for the everlasting palm and the persistent toddy tree are not there to spoil the illusion, and as to the road, it is grand. Twelve miles of this brings us out into open country again and close to the 125th mile; if we take the turning to the left and continue for about three miles, we reach Williams' Hotel, opposite the Railway Station. Here we get the breakfast we have ordered, and if we do not intend going further, we can "do" Raneegunge. There is not much to be seen in this dusty, scattered sort of station; but for those who care to know we may say that it is the head-quarters of the Raneegunge Sub-Division of the Burdwan District, has a population of 13,772, and is situated on the north bank of the Damudar river. Raneegunge is, however, of importance as regards the coal industry, and its prosperity dates from the discovery and working of the coal mines, and also from the time when it became a station on the East Indian

Railway. It is now one of the principal seats of the district trade. The chief industries are, besides coal mining, Messrs. Burn & Co.'s potteries and the Bengal Paper Mills. The former adjoin the hotel, the latter are a little way out over a road which, as the Irishman said of his coat, is "jist a lot av holes shtrung togither."

We are not going to loiter here longer than it takes to have breakfast and a smoke, as it happens, so regaining the main road we make for Assansol, fifteen miles ahead. The road on this section cannot be called good. The ground is still undulating, but the necessity to pick our way deprives us of much of the fun of the down grades. Scenery there is none; but coal pits, chimneys, smoke, carts, and semi-nude Kols abound, and there is a thick coating of soot on most things, especially on the aborigines of these parts. To select an average specimen, and try the effect of a Turkish bath on him, would open up fields for experiment we cannot now stop to consider. We don't stop to consider anything just here except the milestones, and when we shall reach Assansol. We get there at last and find it a big place with well kept roads, fine brick buildings, model compounds, three or four churches, a big bazaar and any amount of life and bustle round and about the Railway Station where we alight.

Originally a small and unknown village, Assansol is now, owing to its situation in the Raneegunge coal fields, a very important centre. It possesses a Roman Catholic school and convent. It has also one of the largest locomotive engine sheds in the world, and is the junction of the East Indian and Bengal-Nagpur

Railways. It also boasts one of Kellner's Refreshment Rooms, and with this we are most concerned at present.

From Assansol to the Barakar Dâk Bungalow is about nine miles, and it is a steady climb nearly all the way. The road is mostly indifferent, being much cut up by bullock cart traffic, but the surroundings are novel, and the distant view of the hills with Panchkote looming big on the right is refreshing to the plainsman. Just after passing the 149th milestone we come to a collection of huts, and at the end the turning to the left takes us up to the Dâk Bungalow. It is one of the best in Bengal, situated high up on a spur overlooking the Barakar river. In the winter we are glad of a roaring fire, sitting in front of which, while lingering over the postprandial pipe, we can, if so disposed, conjure up happy memories of the yule logs of old times ere we came to hunt the depreciated rupee in sunny Ind.

CHAPTER VI.

BARAKAR TO DEHREE ON SONE.

DISTANCE. 187 Miles.

ROAD.—Good, except in the hills between Domree and Dhunwah ; shade abundant.

ACCOMMODATION.—Dâk Bungalows at Barakar, Topechanchy, Domree, Bogodar, Burhee, Shergotty, Narungabad, Baroon and Dehree, with intermediate P. W. D. Inspection Bungalows.

As the road runs over the hills and the going is rather rough and sticky in parts, we should recommend tourists to spread this run over three or four days. There are eight good Dâk Bungalows between these two stations, *viz.*, at Topechanchy, Domree, Bogodar, Burhee, Shergotty, Narungabad, Baroon and Dehree, and on the whole the scenery is as good as in any part of the road between Calcutta and Allahabad. There is plenty of shade, sufficient variety, some steep hills, some grand stretches of level going, supplies are fairly good, and bungalows or rest-houses occur on an average every twelve miles.

Leaving the Barakar bungalow compound, we turn sharp to the left and cross the fine bridge over the river, a piece of engineering associated with very bad luck, for it was twice washed away, took many years to build, and was eventually completed at the sacrifice of several valuable lives. The road is rather rocky for a mile or two, and there are some steep bits and heavy going to be negotiated a little way out of the station ; but we get well set by the time we reach Goyra, $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles out,

and at Fitkiree, 12 miles further on, we pick up the kind of going that ended at Assansol. It is a gradual ascent all the time, and we put in so much hard work that frequent short spells of walking or loitering in the vicinity of pretty spots considerably reduces the mileage per hour, so that by the time we reach Topechancy, 40 miles from the start, we are inclined for a lengthy lounge in the verandah of the Dâk Bungalow, at which, by the way, one usually gets good food and smart attendance. If forty miles of it has satisfied us, we hang up our hats for the night here, but if we are fit and well, we are on the wheel again with Bogodar and dinner as the next big item on the programme. With every excuse for loitering, we should not take more than seven hours to do those 40 miles between Barakar and Topechancy : that would land us at the latter place at 1 o'clock, and if we start thence at 3 P.M., we ought to reach Bogodar by 6 or 6-30 P. M., for it is only 26 miles away, and the road is good as a rule.

Between these stations, and about half way, is Domree, a considerable village up in the hills, where there is an indifferent bungalow. At Bogodar very comfortable accommodation awaits us and good commissariat too, for mutton varies the usual monotony of fowl, and good bread and vegetables are a change from *chapatis* and unripe guavas, which, further on, are sometimes all that even a fistful of *backsheesh* will procure. The road to Hazaribagh and Ranchi branches off the Grand Trunk Road here.

The first halting station we should make after leaving Bogodar is Burkutta, 15 miles ahead. There is an Inspection Bungalow here, and some fairly level going.

At Burhee, 16 miles more, a capital Dâk Bungalow stands on the right of the road. Here we find post and telegraph offices, dispensary, school and telephone communication with Hazaribagh. There are some fine bungalows occupied by European Government servants in the Opium and other departments. A capital place for breakfast and work with the camera, if we are provided with one. Between this village and Dhunwa the road is nearly always cut up by incessant cart traffic, while the steep gradients do not admit of much in the way of road-making as we understand it in the plains. Yet for a hill road it is not so bad—and we have often seen worse—while there is some compensation in the charming scenery throughout the entire stretch of 29 miles. A little careful steering is all that is needed. Hundreds of native pilgrims, half starved and footsore, crawl onwards towards Juggernath and Pooree; sleek Brahmin mendicants move comfortably along, extorting the best the villages can produce; strings of ponies laden with grain, and cloth merchants in gangs, flocks of sheep, droves of pigs, an occasional camel and carts galore help to sustain the interest and keep one from thinking too much of the going, the possibilities of serious punctures, or the collapse of the frame till we get to Dhunwa. It is only 20 miles after all, but it takes some doing. Arrived at the Dhunwa pass, we have travelled 50 miles since leaving Bogodar. It will probably be enough, so we dispose ourselves as comfortably as we can in the bungalow. Dinner may perchance consist of *chapatis*, eggs and tea, but we are sustained by the certainty of a square breakfast at Shergatty early next morning.

Between Dhunwa and Shergotty three rivers are crossed—two are bridged, over the third we are carried on *charpoys* in the dry season, and ferried on rafts in the rains. This is the Teelajan, the stone bridge over which was swept away many years ago. It has never been repaired, and in approaching it after leaving Barah (about midway), tourists must be cautious, otherwise they may topple over into the bed of the river, as the approaches to the ruined bridge are not guarded in any way. But there is a road leading off the avenue just before the bridge is reached ; this leads down to the bank, where *charpoys* or boats are always available. We are now in the Gaya district, of which Shergotty is a good-sized municipality situated on the point where the Grand Trunk Road crosses the Murahar river. It used to be a flourishing place, but the construction of the E. I. Railway has caused its decline. Vestiges of its old industries in brass, wood and iron can still be traced, for the descendants of the skilled artisans of days gone by continue business on restricted lines. It has a large population—largely criminal. Inside of three hours after leaving the Dhunwa pass, we should be seated at breakfast in the Shergotty Dâk Bungalow, and if we get under way in good time, we ought to be resting during the heat of the day in the Narungabad bungalow. Narungabad is a large place, but supplies are of the poorest ; therefore we suggest carrying a cold collation from Shergotty. There are seventeen miles between us and Dehree, and it will take quite four hours, for the Sone river (three miles wide) has to be crossed. If we do not reach the river bank till late, we can stay the night at the Baroon dâk Bungalow and cross in the

morning. There are alternative ways of doing this. If the causeway is practicable, it can be tried, but as it is far off the direct road and means three miles very hard work pushing the machine, we do not advise giving it a trial. It is more comfortable and expeditious to cross in either a country boat or a jolly boat if one can be borrowed from the Engineering Department at Baroon. It a pleasant change this boating across. There are verdant churs with tall grass and food stuffs growing down to the water's edge ; wild fowl are very plentiful ; country boats are sailing or being towed close into the banks. Note the wonderful anicut and the immense spans of telegraph wire across the river, the distant hills with Rhotasghur standing out prominently. Dehree is noted as the site of the head engineering works of the Sone canals. There are large workshops here, and the place has a busy occupied appearance to which we have been strangers since we left Assansol. It was here that the P. W. D. Engineering College was started, which now flourishes at Seebpore.

CHAPTER VII.

DEHREE ON SONE TO ALLAHABAD.

DISTANCE — 157 Miles.

ROAD.—Perfect ; abundant shade ; excellent water ; level going all the way.

ACCOMMODATION.—Dâk Bungalows at Dehree, Sasseram, Mohunneah and Barodee. Kellner's Refreshment Rooms at Mogulserai, Clark's Hotel at Benares. Two hotels and Kellner's Retiring and Refreshment Rooms at Allahabad.

It is just a fair two days' run from Dehree on the Sone to Allahabad, 157 miles, over a magnificent road with abundant shade, good bungalows and rest-houses, and charming scenery over the entire distance. We can run from Dehree to Mogulserai, $72\frac{1}{4}$ miles, on the first day, and thence into Allahabad, $85\frac{3}{4}$ miles, on the second, for the road from Benares to Allahabad, about 75 miles, is perhaps the best stretch in India, as level as a billiard table, and with a surface on which, with a high-gearred pneumatic-tyred machine, fifteen miles an hour is comparatively easy travelling.

Starting from Dehree (336 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Calcutta) at 6 o'clock in the morning, we have but 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles between us and Sasseram, where there is a good Dâk Bungalow, at which we recommend breakfast and arrangements for a cold collation to be discussed later on. While these are in preparation, we might employ the pleasant early morning hour or so at our disposal in looking round the station. Sasseram in Shahabad is the chief town of the sub-division of that name, and is about 60 miles from Arrah, which lies north of it. It is

a fairly big station with a population of over 25,000 ; it boasts good roads, public offices and buildings, and was once famous for its pottery. The industry, like all things Indian, has decayed, till now one hardly hears of its existence, though it is still carried on after the impracticable methods peculiar to the Aryan. It is said that a certain *Asur* or infidel lived here ages ago and had a thousand hands, in each of which was a separate plaything, hence the name Sasseram or Sashram, which means one thousand toys. There is to be found the tomb of Sher Shah, the Afghan fighting man, who conquered Humayoon Shah and afterwards became Emperor of Delhi. This interesting relic is on the west side of the town in the centre of a large tank. It is octagonal in shape, and is surrounded by an arcade and gallery ; the roof rests on four arches somewhat Gothic in design, and the ornamentation is bestial. On a lofty hill to the east of the town is Chandan Shahib's mosque, a remarkable piece of architecture, which is worth a stiff climb to see.

After breakfast we head for Jehanabad and enter the Mirzapore district, a mile or two after leaving Sasseram behind. This is another of the "good old has been" sort of place. It was once a flourishing town, the Dutch occupied it, and did a big business in cloth, muslins, saltpetre, and other things, but Manchester killed it as regards cloth, while all its other enterprises have vanished. There is a small colony of semi-starved weavers, three brick buildings built by the Dutchmen a couple of hundred years ago, and a few crumbling ruins, to tell us of the good old days ; but nothing more. There is an Inspection Bungalow here ; but we do not suggest

alighting. At Mohunneah, fifteen miles ahead, there is a capital Dâk Bungalow, which we ought to reach by midday, and where we can have tiffin and a lounge till 3 P.M.

Once again on the road, we have but 32 miles between us and Mogulserai. Nowatpore lies about midway, and as there is nothing to be seen and no food to be got here, we shall merely get off for a ten minutes "easy" as we walk our machines through the village. At Mogulserai we strike civilization again, and at Kellner's Refreshment Rooms we renew our acquaintance with the foaming Bass or the soothing peg, comforting beverages which we last saw three hundred and fifty miles down the road. The best plan is to sleep in the Waiting Room of the station, and if we have booked our luggage from Barakar, we can indulge in the luxury of a complete change of kit ere rebooking it to Allahabad.

If we want to see Benares at its best, we must make an earlier start than usual, and the first halting place should be the Dufferin Bridge across the Ganges. Dismounting midway, we see the innumerable temples, towers, minarets and domes, bathed in the roseate beams of sunrise. The gilded enrichments of the architecture touched by the sun lend additional brightness to the picture, while hundreds of bathers, scores of small craft, the gay-coloured cloths of the women, the brass utensils, the bright flowers, the tinkling of bells, beating of gongs and blowing of conches among the sacred buildings, half hidden by the rich foliage growing down to the water's edge, form a picture as intensely Oriental as the most ardent globe-trotter could wish to gaze upon. We mustn't linger long though, for we

have a full day's riding on hand. Breakfast at Clark's Hotel comes next on our itinerary. We despatch this, while sandwiches, fruit, &c., are being got ready for our tiffin. This satisfactorily settled, we get on to the main road as soon as we can, and after a rough bit in the suburbs, we find ourselves on a road that almost impels us to "scorch." But though we may indulge in a sprint or two, we must not overlook the little truism that tells us "it's the pace that kills." We can do over twelve miles comfortably on this road, but there is no need to try and do twenty—unless we want to get into Allahabad dead beat. We shall pass Mizanabad, Maharajunge and Gopeegunge ere we get out of the Mirzapore district; which we do just before reaching Barodee. At the latter place we may or we may not get a meal, for it is one of those places where the commissariat fluctuates between milk and stale eggs to fowls, vegetables, fish and fruit. If it happens to be a milk and egg day, out come Clark's sandwiches; if not, so much the better. A shorter midday halt than usual is recommended, and then we remount. There are several monuments erected over the graves of military and civil officers; these we might get off to see if we are running up to time. There is one most interesting relic of the troubles of 1857 to be seen close to the toll bar over the Bairagee river. It is a monument erected on the spot where James Phillip Barrett, Collector, was killed by the mutineers. The marble tablet conveys a touching message to his wife and little ones (perchance his last words whispered in the ear of a comrade), and some lines which have been intentionally defaced by some vandal in authority.

Sydabad comes next, ten miles from Barodee, then Hoonoomanghur, and a few miles further on we arrive at the banks of the Jumna. Here we take boat and cross to Rajghaut, and, landing close to the Allahabad fort, in fifteen minutes we are at our journey's end at one of the comfortable hotels to be found in the city.

CHAPTER VIII.

DELHI TO ALLAHABAD.

DISTANCE 383½ Miles.

ROAD.—Perfect the whole way.

ACCOMMODATION.—Dâk Bungalows at Futehpur, Agra, Mainpuri, Aligarh, Bulandshahr, Fyzabad, Kutub and Delhi; Hotels at Delhi, Agra, Cawnpore and Allahabad (see appendix).

TRAINS.—Calcutta to Delhi per E. I. R., 954 miles.

FARES.—Rs. 89-7-0, Rs. 44-11-6, and Rs. 12-6-9.

Although this section of the Grand Trunk Road lies much beyond our province, which, as far as this particular thoroughfare is concerned, may be said to end at Benares, we give details of use to cyclists in Bengal, some of whom may find the time to ramble so far away from the Presidency. Messrs. Fraser, Lunn and Lowe describe the Grand Trunk Road from Delhi to Calcutta as “the finest cycling track in the world,” and they are perfectly correct in so doing. In previous chapters we have dwelt on the excellence of the riding surface all the way from Calcutta to Allahabad, but all who have ridden in the North-West Provinces and those round the world cyclists who have passed through India are agreed that the three hundred odd miles between Delhi and Cawnpore are *the* best on this road.

Then there are the interesting historical places *en route* the visiting of which may enable us to extend a week's tour into a much longer period if we care to do so.

Arriving at Delhi by the mail train from Howrah early in the afternoon, we have a few hours of daylight in which to "do" some of this old Mahomedan city and its numerous monuments of bygone days. Formerly the capital of India, it is now the civil head-quarters of the district and division of Delhi under the Punjab Government. The original city called Dilli or Dillipur, is believed to have been founded by Raja Dillu, 5 miles below the present city, about 50 B. C., but the site of the town has been so frequently changed by its Hindu and Mahomedan rulers, that the ruins of former cities in the neighbourhood of Delhi cover an area to the south and south-east of 45 square miles. The existing comparatively modern city was built in 1640 by Shah Jahan and was called Shahjahanabad after that Emperor. The walls, which are between five and six miles in extent, enclose the palace or fort, the Juma Musjid, the railway station, the Military Cantonments and the famous Chandni Chauk. The palace is on the east of the city and is in the form of a parallelogram, 1,600 feet east and west, and 3,200 feet north and south. The Diwan-i-Khas or Private Hall of Audience, sometimes called the Privy Council Chamber, is an oblong hall supported by exquisitely decorated pillars. It stands on the east of the fort overhanging the river, and is unique in the perception of its rich and artistic design, which renders it the most elegant hall in the world. The splendid tomb of the Emperor Humayun, the father of Akbar, which is two miles from the town, the state Juma Musjid, opposite the fort, the Kutab mosque ten miles south of the city, with its graceful colonnade

of beautifully sculptured Hindu pillars, and the adjoining Kutab Minar, the tallest minaret or pillar in the world, being 238 feet in height, rising from a base having a diameter of 47 feet to 9 feet at its summit, are among what have been fitly termed "the many architectural glories of Delhi." Outside the city to the north are the Kudsia gardens with their interesting ruins, and about a mile to the north-west of the Mori gate is the historic ridge which formed such a prominent feature in the last siege of Delhi, and from which a most extensive view can be obtained of the city and suburbs.

The streets of Delhi and the roads round about the city are vile, full of great holes, and dusty to the last degree. But once fairly clear of the city, we strike the Grand Trunk Road, after crossing the Jumna Bridge, where we pay toll, receiving eight tickets for two annas—why eight, we cannot say. The bridge is wood-paved and is 2,640 feet long, the railway running overhead. The road from this point for many miles is like a racing track, undulating here and there, with a good deal of shade up to Ghaziabad (twelve miles). This city is entered by a large gateway, to get to which one has to turn off the road to the left. There is nothing of interest here, but Kellner's Refreshment Rooms and a P. W. D. Bungalow close to the gateway. It will hardly be necessary to suggest that cyclists will patronize the former. The next village of any importance is Dadri, 12 miles further on, and after that Sikandarabad, another 12 miles, and then Bulandshahr, the road for the last 20 miles rising very gradually. The Dâk Bun-

galow is on the left at the 42nd milestone, just beyond four cross roads, and the road to Aligarh is straight on by the bungalow. Bulandshahr is a large rambling place entered by ruined gateways, and the roads in the city are even worse than those of Delhi, nice little traps for cyclists in the shape of drains, 2 feet wide and 6 in. deep, running across them at short intervals. From this point the going is slightly down hill for some miles with the same perfect surface. Tributary roads occur here and there, but cyclists must keep to the left and watch the milestones. It is 51 miles from Bulandshahr to Aligarh, which is a big station, and possesses a fine Dâk Bungalow. The civil station forms, with the fort, a suburb of the ancient city of Koil, which by local tradition is said to owe its origin to a Kshattriya of the Lunar race. According to the earliest records obtainable, Koil city was the stronghold of a powerful Dor-Rajput chief, and the present District of Aligarh was peopled by his clan. This is evidenced by the fact that at the present day the centre of the town is crowned by an old Dor-fortress, upon which a mosque has been built, that forms the most prominent feature of Aligarh.

The next point is Agra, 52 miles off, the road passing through Sassnee, Sydabad and Hatras. Agra is built on the west bank of the Jumna, was founded by Akbar in 1566, and for over a hundred years was the seat of the magnificent court of that great Emperor, and of his successors Jehangir and Shah Jehan. The ancient city of Agra was on the east bank of the river, on the site now occupied by the Agra junction station of the East Indian Railway, and the ruins of its palace

and other buildings are still traceable in the neighbourhood. It was the capital of the Lodi or Afghan kings of Hindoostan, and on the overthrow of the last of that line, Ibrahim Sultan, at the decisive battle of Panipat in 1526 by Babar, the founder of the Moghal dynasty, the conqueror swooped down on Agra and, after defeating the combined armies of the Rajput princes in the long sustained and desperate battle of Fatehpur-Sikri, occupied the palace on the eastern bank, where he died in 1530. There are many places of interest worth visiting here. East of the cantonments and about a mile below the fort stands that *chef d'œuvre* of architecture, the celebrated mausoleum of the Taj Mahal with its beautiful domes and gardens. This "dream in marble" was erected by that "most magnificent of all the Royal builders of India," Shah Jehan, in 1648, as the tomb of his wife, Arjamand Benu Begam, who is known in history as Mumtaz-i-Mahal or "Exalted of the Palace."

The exquisite beauty of this wonder of the world stands unrivalled and affords an illustration of the saying that "the Moghals designed like Titans and finished like jewellers." Built of the purest Jaipur marble, the mausoleum stands on a raised platform, at each corner of which is a tall and graceful minaret. Beneath the large dome and within an enclosure of most delicately carved marble fret-work are the richly inlaid tombs of the princess, and her husband, Shah Jehan. The Taj, which was commenced in 1630 and completed in 1648, is described as representing "the most highly elaborated stage of ornamentation, the stage at which the architect ends and the jeweller

begins." In regard to colour and design, its interior may rank first in the world for purely decorative workmanship; while the perfect symmetry of its exterior and the ærial grace of its domes and minarets impress the mind of the beholder in a manner never to be forgotten. The other principal buildings of Agra are Akbar's fort, an imposing, but, considered as a fortress, an unsubstantial structure, with walls 70 feet in height and nearly two miles in extent, made up of stone rubble, sand, or loose earth, faced with red sandstone. It is difficult to imagine that the great Akbar, the Napoleon of the East, who knew and thoroughly appreciated the power of artillery, should have relied upon such a fort as a protection to his new capital. Inside the fort are the public and private halls of audience, the Machi Bawan, the Sish-Mahal or Palace of Glass, and that perfect masterpiece of art, the Pearl Mosque, designed by Shah Jehan in 1654. Outside the fort, but now shut in by the railway station, is the Juma Musjid, or great mosque, constructed by Shah Jehan as a memorial of his pious and highly gifted daughter, Jahanara. The tomb of Ihtimad-ud-daula, the vizier and father-in-law of Jehangir, a study of oriental architecture, is on the east bank of the Jumna among the ruins of ancient Agra, a short distance from a fine garden—the Ram Bagh.

Fatehpur-Sikri, designed and intended by Akbar as another new capital, now consisting of a mass of ruins of noble but unfinished buildings, is distant about 20 miles from Agra. The modern public buildings of Agra include the Government College, the Catholic Mission and Orphanage, an institution introduced

by the Jesuits as far back as the middle of the 16th century, and a large number of schools of every description and denomination.

Tundla is the next point we make for, where Messrs. Kellner and Co.'s Refreshment Rooms welcome the hungry and thirsty cyclist.

The next stages on the road include Firozabad, Girode, Mainpuri, Bhogan, Chibramow, Urwal, Bithoor and Cawnpore. The principal object of interest here is the Memorial Well, over which stands an ornamental enclosure with a figure of an angel in the centre. Into this well were thrown the bodies of those massacred during the Cawnpore mutiny. The Memorial Church and Massacre Ghât have also their connection with the mutiny.

The distance from Cawnpore to Allahabad is 117 miles; the road continues perfect and almost dead level all the way. Some large and picturesque villages are passed on an average every 12 miles, and at Fatehpur, about 56 miles from Cawnpore, there is a Dâk Bungalow.

Allahabad is bordered on the north and east by the Ganges and on the south by the Jumna. It is the head-quarters of the Lieutenant-Governor and Government of the North-West Provinces and Oudh, as well as of the General commanding the Allahabad District. It consists generally of a Field Garrison Battery, a Garrison Battery, a British and Native regiment, as well as a regiment of Native Cavalry. There are good waiting rooms at the station, with Messrs. Kellner & Co.'s retiring rooms close at hand, while Laurie's and the Great Eastern Hotels are within a few minutes

drive. The Alfred Park, made in honor of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit in 1870, with its ride, drives and band-stand, is one of the finest of the kind in India. There is also the Macpherson Park in Cantonments, and close to the railway station is the Khusru Bagh with its three large mausoleums.

Allahabad is one of the military stations prominently connected with the mutiny, a native regiment stationed there having risen in rebellion. The fort is some distance from the civil station and cantonments, and stands at the confluence of the Jumna and Ganges rivers. Inside the fort will be found a stone pillar, some thirty feet high, and erected by the Buddhist King Asoka about the year B. C. 240. Asoka had his edicts inscribed on this monument, and there are other inscriptions connected with the history and wars of the times.

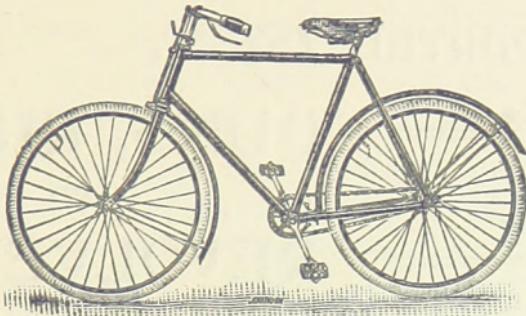
Thousands of pilgrims collect together for bathing, praying and celebrating other religious rites at the meeting of the Jumna and Ganges rivers during the different *melas*, the most important being the Kumbh and Magh *melas*.

Appended is the route and mileage table between Delhi and Allahabad :—

Station.	Miles from Calcutta.	Remarks.
DELHI	... 887½	Hotels (see appendix) and Dák Bungalows.
Ghazeeabad	... 874	Large village, good supplies and water. Meerut Road branches off here.

Station.	Miles from Calcutta.	Remarks.
Dadri	853	Village and fair supplies.
Secunderabad	851	Ganges canal bridged.
Bulandshahr	843	Dâk Bungalow.
Khoorja	832	Large place. Railway station $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant.
Somna	818
ALIGARH	805	Civil station, old cantonment, supplies abundant. Ganges canal bridged. Dâk Bungalow.
Sassnee	781	Village and good supplies.
Hatras	770	Ditto ditto.
Sydabad	762	Ditto ditto.
AGRA	753	Hotels (see appendix) and Dâk Bungalows.
TOONDLA	744	Dâk Bungalow and Kellner's Refreshment Rooms.
Firozabad	736	Large village, supplies.
Girode	727	Ditto ditto.
Mainpuri	719	Dâk Bungalow.
Bhogan	710
Chubramow	701	Branch road to Etawah, etc.
Goorsahaiganj	687	Village and supplies.
Merran-ka-serai	672	Ditto ditto.
Urwal	663	Eesun river bridged.
Pura	650	Nona river bridged.
Chowbeypur	638
Bithoor	634	Large village, good supplies.
Kullianpur	629	Ganges canal bridged.
CAWNPORE	621	Dâk Bungalow, Hotels (see appendix).
Maharajpur	611	Village, and supplies.
Aong	597	Ditto ditto.
Mulwa	584
Fatehpur	572	Dâk Bungalow.
Thurriaon	560	Large village, supplies good.
Kutonghun	548	Ditto ditto.
Sainee	536	Ditto ditto.
Koh	524	Ditto ditto.
Moofta-ka-poorwa	511
ALLAHABAD	504	Hotels (see appendix).

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CHAPTER IX.

ROUND ABOUT CALCUTTA.

The best roads are found south of the city, in the direction of Gurreah, Tollygunge and Chetla. The going is generally very good, and none of the village lanes even are unrideable. One of the best runs is through Ballygunge, Tollygunge and Chetla. Entering Ballygunge from Lower Circular Road, the road lies round the *maidan* *via* Store Road, into Gurreah Hât Road by Messrs. Hart. Bros.' premises and Milton Park, until the fourth milestone is left behind. The next turning to the right brings us to "The Dingle"—the ruined bungalow at the corner of Monohar-pooker Lane. Entering this charming road, we wind among its leafy picturesqueness till we emerge on the Kalighat Road, where the tram lines are. Turning to our left we go down this road till we reach the Police Ferry where three roads meet; we keep to the right, cross the bridge over Tolly's nullah and into the Shahpur Road, leave the late Prince Furokh Shah's residence on the left, and taking the first turning to the right, negociate the Doorgapur bridge over the canal and find ourselves in Alipore. A few minutes riding brings us to the Zoo, and presuming our starting point to have been Government House, we shall have travelled about twelve miles.

This route may be varied and lengthened by a couple of miles, if instead of turning down "The Dingle"

Road, we keep on till we reach the level crossing close to the Jodhpur thana. The road to the right brings us out close to the Police Ferry on the Kalighat Road; but it is advisable to leave this road severely alone in the mornings, unless one's nose has lost the sense allotted to it by nature. In the evening, however, it is practicable and even pleasant. Another variation is obtained by taking the road opposite the Jodhpur thana beyond the railway crossing, where the paperchase meets take place, but it is generally much cut up by cart traffic. This makes the ride a little longer; but it takes a good deal out of the machine. Another alternative route is as follows: On reaching the police outpost near Prince Furokh Shah's house, if we keep straight on, instead of turning to the right and going over the Doorgapur bridge, we get into Rajpur, cross the Diamond Harbour Road and go through Goragatcha. This brings us out into Kidderpore close to the Docks; but the skinning platforms, the incinerator and other abominations have to be encountered, and in the early morning this road should be studiously avoided.

The long Tollygunge route, about eighteen miles, gives us a capital spin before breakfast. Leaving town, and entering the Gurreah Hât Road in Ballygunge by any road we like, we pass the Jodhpur thana and hold on to the village of Gurreah. Two roads meet here; the one to the left takes us on to Baruipur and Joynugger on the borders of the Sunderbunds, the other to the right, skirts Tolly's nullah for some distance, cuts through the Tollygunge steeplechase course, and brings us out on to the Kalighat Road. We can take the turning to the right near the Police Ferry referred

to above, and come out in Kidderpore and get home *via* the Strand or *maidan*, or we can take either of the roads debouching from the approaches to the Tolly-gunge bridge, and run through Chetla, coming out at the back of the Alipore cutcherry, close to Hastings House.

Budge-Budge can be reached by three or four roads. We recommend the following as the best and most direct. Down the Kidderpore Road to the Docks, over the bridge and into Garden Reach, turn to the left opposite Neemuch Mahal Ghaut, and keep on till the railway level crossing close to Goragatcha, the Dock Pumping Station, and Kantapookur village with Behala railway station lying on the left. The road to the right goes to Budge-Budge, and the riding all the way is usually very rough and unpleasant.

We have sketched only the main roads in the above directions; there are scores of narrow lanes, all well metalled, intersecting the district. Cyclists should explore these. Many of them abound in picturesque and interesting subjects for the camera.

Dum-Dum, north-east of Calcutta, and eight miles from Government House, is reached *via* the Barrackpore Road. On account of the watering of the roads, it is advisable to start very early, or a sea of mud and side slip are to be reckoned with. There are three ways of getting on the Grand Trunk Road—one through College Street and Tallah, one through Amherst Street, and another through Northern Circular Road. The latter is preferable. After passing Sealdah and Gas Street leading to Narkeldangah, we cross the Shambazar bridge over Tolly's nullah, keep on about a mile or so

till we strike the Dum-Dum Road on the right. This leads us over the railway bridge through well shaded stretches, over the paddy fields and into Cantonments. Returning, it is as well to take the road to the right after leaving Dum-Dum; this will bring us past the Seven Tanks and into the Grand Trunk Road again close to the observation tower and the Paikparah Raja's house.

Barrackpore is 14 miles from Government House, and a run out there, with breakfast in the Park or at the Hotel near the railway station, when that institution is open, a lounge under the trees or a sail on the river, returning *via* Serampore and Howrah, makes an inviting Sunday programme. The route is exactly the same as for Dum-Dum up to the Shambazar bridge, after crossing which we go straight ahead, pass Cox's bungalow about midway, and turn into the Park on our left after passing the 13th milestone, or keep on to the Hotel which is down the first turning to the right after leaving this milestone behind.

Three roads take us directly eastward from Calcutta. One runs through Narkuldangah to the Salt Lakes, a capital short road ending at the lakes about six miles from Government House. This is reached *via* Lower Circular Road and Gas Street. The Balliaghata Road is a continuation of Bow Bazar. The bridge over the Eastern Bengal State Railway line and Tolly's nullah are *en route*, and this road also leads to the Salt Lakes and is quite uninteresting and unprofitable. There are many winding lanes in and about Entally, Gobra and Tangra, all more or less insanitary and objectionable. The third road leading eastward opens

out of Lower Circular Road. Entering Baniapokur Lane, we pass through Hatibagan Lane, run by Manton's Rifle Range, and get on to the Tiljulah Road leading to the C. V. R. Rifle Range. On the other side of the railway bridge we come across two roads; that on the left leads us to the sewage district, Dhappa and Chingreehatta. Pray don't attempt to explore it. That on the right leads us down long avenues parallel to the range, and brings us out at the back of the range and into Ballygunge. There are many pretty lanes in Ballygunge itself, bounded by the rifle range on the north, the *maidan* on the west, the railway on the east, and Gurreah and the Russa Road on the south.

Across the river we have the new Seebpore Road leading to the Botanical Gardens; the road running for some distance alongside of the Howrah-Amra Steam Tramway; the road at the back of the Botanical Gardens, which, after giving promise of a good run, ends abruptly in the midst of paddy fields; the roads to Ghoosery, and the Grand Trunk Road with innumerable tributary lanes. There are two ways of getting to Ghoosery. The best is *via* the river bank. Turning to the right after crossing the Howrah bridge, we enter Cullen Place, and taking the next turn to the right by the "Empress" Hotel, we come to a level-crossing; sharp round to the right again by the chapel at the corner, we get into King's Road, and from this point we have only to follow our front wheel till we reach Mr. Stalkartt's house. A little further on stand the Ghoosery Cotton Mills and opposite the gate is a road to the left leading through the paddy fields to the Grand Trunk Road, which it

joins close to the police outpost near the 5th milestone. We can return to Howrah by this road *via* Sulkea. The other way into Ghoosery is by the road leading straight on from the level-crossing at King's Road corner.

Bally, Utterpara, Konnaghur and Serampore are on the Grand Trunk Road, and have already been dealt with in a previous chapter. For the benefit of those who may find some difficulty in picking up the main road, we offer the following directions. Take the first turning to the right after crossing the Howrah bridge, keep straight on past the level-crossing to the right, but take the next turn. This leads to the second level-crossing, ride over this, and you are in Sulkea, keep *straight* on through the bazaar, leave the garden and tank on your left, turn to the right by the mosque, and you are on the Grand Trunk Road.

CHAPTER X.

SHORT RUNS FROM CALCUTTA.

DIAMOND HARBOUR.

DISTANCE 30 Miles.

ROAD.—Good; shade scanty.

TRAINS.—Six down and six up trains daily from Sealdah.

FARES.—Rs. 3-9, Re. 1-12-6, and As. 8.

There are several roads leading from Calcutta to outstations within a radius of about thirty miles which are worth exploring. The roads are generally good, and there is usually sufficient shade to insure a pleasant ride even in the hot weather. If these short trips are undertaken when the thermometer ranges high, there is the additional recommendation of being able to return to town by train.

The Diamond Harbour Road is usually shunned by Calcutta cyclists. We have not been able to discover the reason for this. It is a capital road all the way (just thirty miles); a good deal of interesting country lies on either side of it; there are some picturesque villages *en route*; usually a fresh breeze redolent of the Bay of Bengal prevails at Diamond Harbour; a convenient train brings one back to town, and so on. But if the run is suggested to a local cyclist, he almost invariably fights shy of it. The road begins in Kidderpore at the foot of the bridge over Tolly's Nullah, but we do not recommend this as the starting point. The

neighbourhood is one of a thousand and one stinks, and near Mazucheli's Bazaar and the church a dense crowd of halt, lame and blind usually congregate, while sepoys on the war path, yelling lascars and evil-smelling Caboolies seem to make it a point of honour to get in the way of any one on a wheel. It is more conducive to comfort to go through Alipore, taking the road to the right after passing the Native Infantry lines. This brings us out at the foot of the bridge over the Budge Budge railway, and we must be careful not to take the road that branches off to the right on the top of this bridge. Crossing the Shahpore Road after we negotiate this bridge, we are well on the way, and have simply to keep straight on till we reach Diamond Harbour. There are many villages for the first ten miles—Bela, Saker Bazaar, Boonser Bela and others—but after the Jagir Ghaut Road is left behind on the right the route lies between vast paddy fields. This continues till the Seerakhal Bridge is reached, when the trees close in and we get among the avenues again. After passing the 21st milestone, we come to Sirsa, and six miles further on is Sirsa Hât. The approach to Diamond Harbour is very picturesque, the road is well shaded and maintained in a state of good repair. About a mile from the Ghaut we take the turning to the left, and crossing the creek, reach the railway station and get in touch with the commissariat, which should be sent down by train. There is a very interesting old cemetery at Diamond Harbour; in the cold weather there is always a military camp a little way out of the station, and from this point Fulta Fort can be reached.

JOYNUGGER, CULPEE AND PORT CANNING.

DISTANCES.—Joynugger, 32 miles; Culpee, 46 miles; Port Canning, 30 miles.

ROADS.—Fair to middling, shady and pretty.

TRAINS.—Two up and two down to Port Canning daily.

FARES.—Rs. 2-10, Re. 1-5, and As. 6. No line to Joynugger or Culpee.

These places are all reached by one road, that leading from Ballygunge, and passing through Gurreah Hât. After leaving Ballygunge we keep on till we come to the railway level-crossing close to the Jodhpore thanा, and turning sharp to the left, we pass the Molla Hât Road and the police outpost, well-known to those who attend the paperchase meets. The going is rather lumpy from this point to Gurreah, but the side path is easy riding and the road winding and pretty. At Gurreah there are two roads, the one to the right leading to the Tollygunge Steeplechase course, and that to the left taking us through Gurreah and over the nullah bridge. The latter concerns us just now. After crossing the bridge, we lose a great deal of the cart traffic, and find the road level and usually in good repair. Baria, Chingripota and Mullikpore are among the villages on the road, but the next important place is Baruipore, 16 miles from Calcutta, where we cross the Diamond Harbour railway line. It is a considerable town in the Twenty-four Pergunnahs, situated on the east bank of the Adi Gunga, the now almost dry bed of the ancient channel of the Ganges. There is a quaint old mission church here worth a visit, and a climb up the steeple rewards us with a capital view of the surrounding country. After passing Ramnugger, we cross a small tidal stream close to Nowagram, which

seems to be a pretty busy fishing centre. The road is very well shaded from this point to Joynugger, date, palms and babul trees predominating. Joynugger, 32 miles from Calcutta, is a straggling sort of place. We pass large houses and extensive gardens nearly three miles before we get to the thana, which stands at the head of a small watercourse, on which there is considerable traffic between this place and Magura Hât Station on the Diamond Harbour line. Joynugger is also near the old bed of the Ganges, which has been dammed across and forms a continuous line of shallow tanks. There is a large bazaar here, a dispensary, several shops kept by marwaris and bunniahhs, a grog shop and other institutions which denote civilization as understood in the mofussil. If we intend Joynugger to be the limit of our run, we can discuss such viands as we have brought with us at the thana, and take a saltee to Magura Hât, returning to Calcutta by train. A saltee is a sort of superior dug-out, flat-bottomed and roofed in with matting: it is poled along by a couple of boatmen. Lying full length in this queer looking craft, and burning a little tobacco while we take in our novel surroundings, now winding through mangrove swamps, skirting little hamlets, gliding under quaint bridges of bamboo or stone, or through dense foliage that brushes the canopy overhead, emerging now and then into the open country (which in the rains is a vast sheet of water), the two hours journey to Magura Hât is over all too soon.

Kulpee is 14 miles beyond Joynugger, after leaving which the road bears away to the right. The going is good, and the scenery much the same as before,

though the villages occur at longer intervals. There is a large bazaar here, but nothing of particular interest beyond a few good objects for the camera.

Port Canning is 30 miles from Calcutta and 14 from Baruipore. It is a curious place, everything about it exhibiting neglect and decay. The Port Canning Company floated in 1864 by Mr. Ferdinand Schiller, aspired to make it the port for Calcutta, as it was feared the Hooghly was drying up. Land was acquired, a railway was built connecting Port Canning with Calcutta, docks were excavated, jetties, wharves and sheds were built along the shore, rice mills were erected, hotels and houses sprung up like mushrooms, the wildest speculation was indulged in, and in 1870 the whole scheme collapsed. The place is now a collection of interesting ruins, and the only living things are the *pariah* dogs, which are very fine and large down here. Meanwhile, the Hooghly shows no signs of drying up just yet.

KANCHRAPARAH.

DISTANCE 28 miles.

ROAD.—Good; shaded completely for 16 miles.

ACCOMMODATION.—Hotel at Barrackpore close to Ry. Station—(*not always open*).

TRAINS.—See Time Table in appendix

Kanchraparah, on the E. B. S. Railway, is reached *via* the Grand Trunk Road through Barrackpore. Every Calcutta cyclist is, or should be, familiar with the 14 miles of excellent road between this and Barrackpore; and though the going for some part of the other half is not quite so good, there is not much to find fault with. Ichapur (16½ miles) is the first place of any importance

we strike after leaving Barrackpore. There are a few mills here, some splendid suburban residences on the river face, and it is the site of the Government powder factory. Samnugger, about three miles ahead, was once rather an important riverside town. The only remaining vestige of old times is a ruined fort a short distance from the station; it is surrounded by a moat about four miles in circumference, and was built in the last century by a Rajah of Burdwan as a refuge from the Marathas. Big jute mills and a fairly extensive bazaar complete the objects of interest here. The Kankinara Jute Mills come next. Here that hospitable Scot and right good Volunteer Captain Clarke of the C. A. Volunteers accords a welcome to cyclists, which is nothing short of regal. We speak from personal experience. More jute mills and the Jubilee bridge over the Hooghly are the chief features of Naihati, where we pass the 24th milestone. At Kanchraparah there are the large workshops of the Locomotive Department of the E. B. S. Railway. There we find ourselves in quite a busy station, with a large European population, and to the cyclist the place is noteworthy by reason of its possessing the only cycle track in Bengal.

BUSSEERHAUT.

DISTANCE	45 Miles
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ROAD.—Indifferent to bad.

ACCOMMODATION *Nil.* Drinks can be had at the Sergeants' Mess or Canteen, Dum-Dum.

Busseerhaut is about 45 miles from Calcutta, but can only suggest it to those who have no respect

whatever for their machines, or who ride out in quest of adventure. We can promise them the latter, for the road is about as bad as it can be. The way to get there is to run through Dum-Dum to Baraset, and take the road to the right. Also take an extra large repair outfit, or, better still, charter a ticca gharry at Baraset to follow, in case it may be necessary to gather up the fragments.

JUGGUTBULLUVPUR.

DISTANCE— 17 Miles.

ROAD.—Fairly good; runs parallel to the Tramway nearly all the way.

ACCOMMODATION *Nil.*

TRAINS.—Four daily up and down.

FARES.—Re. 1-8-9, 8 As. 3 pies, and 6 As. 3 pies.

There are two roads on the Howrah side, which start at Telkul Ghaut and take us a few miles into rural Bengal. That running parallel with the Howrah-Amra Steam Tramway is the best. It is good riding as far as Juggutbulluvpur, 17 miles from Howrah, and in the cold weather, makes a pleasant outing if we combine a little shooting with it. The idea is to send out tiffin, gun and ammunition by train, cycle out, do what execution one can among the snipe, and return by road or rail.

SHEAKHALA.

DISTANCE 19½ Miles.

ROAD—Indifferent to bad.

ACCOMMODATION *Nil.*

TRAINS.—Four daily up and down.

FARES—Re. 1-10-0, 8 As. 9 pies, and 6 As. 6 pies.

There is also a road running alongside of the Howrah-Sheakhala Tramway, but a good deal of it is

much cut up. However, a pretty ride can be arranged so as to include about 11 miles of this road. Starting from Telkul Ghaut and following this road through Kadamtola, Belgachia, and Milki, we come to Chanditola at the 11th milestone. A splendid road branches off to the right opposite the station and brings us out at Utterpara, close to the 8th milestone on the Grand Trunk Road. This makes a capital run of 23 miles, and one we can strongly recommend to local Clubs.

CHAPTER XI.

CALCUTTA TO KHOOLNA.

DISTANCE 110 Miles.

ROAD.—Good, with the exception of the section between Bongong and Baraset; shady up to Bongong and from Baraset to Calcutta.

ACCOMMODATION.—Dâk Bungalows at Khoolnam, Jessore and Bongong.

TRAINS.—Several daily up and down over the Eastern Bengal State Railway.

FARES,—Rs. 6-14-0, 3-7-0, and 1-11-6. The line runs close to the road from Jessore to Dum-Dum.

If this tour is undertaken in the cold weather, it would be advisable to take train to Khoolna and ride down to Calcutta, and so take advantage of the steady north wind. Though but a hundred odd miles from Calcutta, the rate of progress on the Bengal Central Railway is so dignified, that the journey occupies nearly nine hours! The tourist should start by the train which leaves Sealdah at 8-20 Madras time. This will land him at Khoolna about 5 o'clock in the evening. This district is intersected by several rivers and channels, and the country is very low-lying and marshy, but the high lands are well cultivated, and every village stands in the midst of palms, fruit trees and garden ground. The town of Khoolna is situated on a point marking the junction of the Bhyrab and Kajibacha rivers, the latter flowing into the Sunderbuns. In days gone by it was a very important place, having been the head-quarters of the salt department in "John Company's" time. Even now it is a busy station, almost the whole of the eastern and north-eastern boat

traffic passes through it *en route* to and from Calcutta. Rice and seeds, lemons and oranges from Sylhet, fire-wood from the Sunderbuns, sugar, mustard and pulse reach us in large quantities *via* Khoolna. There are several big markets in the vicinity, and it is the terminus of the Bengal Central Railway. A run round before dinner will be most enjoyable after the miseries of the train journey.

Starting early next morning with Bongong, 62 miles away, as his destination, the cyclist first passes Dowlutpore, six miles from Khoolna, and then Sidhipara, arriving at Shabanara (15 miles), where the railway line crosses the main road, after easy pedalling of an hour and a half. There a short halt might be made. Fifteen miles further on is Singhia, and the intermediate stations are Nowapara and Magura, between which the line re-crosses the road, which up to the latter station runs almost parallel with the road. The going is good and the scenery not without its pleasant features. The next stage should be Jessore, about ten miles ahead, with Rupdia and Ramnagar lying between.

Breakfast at the Jessore Dâk Bungalow with a potter round the station is the next item on the card. The town is the administrative head-quarters of the district, and is a local centre for country produce and imports. In addition to the various public offices and buildings, there is the jail, church, parsonage, public library, two cemeteries, hospitals, and a fine temple containing an image of Raghunath, all of which are worth seeing. The palace of the Chanchra Rajahs lies about a mile south of the station ; the ruins of the old ramparts and fosse are still traceable, and close by is a big tank

called Chor-mara, or the thief-beating tank, probably deriving its name from the pleasant little bastinado sceances held lang syne in the Rajah's jail, which formerly stood close by.

From Jessore to Bongong the distance is just 27 miles, and the road is perfect. Well metalled, level and shaded the entire distance, it is, perhaps, one of the best public ways in the Presidency. The main road lies to the east of the railway station, and can be picked up at once by crossing the lines at the south of the platform and taking the first turn to the right. A spin of eight miles through the babul avenue brings the cyclist to Jhikargacha, through which the Kobadak river runs. The railway line cuts the road just before this place. The quaint old suspension bridge, the native craft and steam launches on the stream below and the surrounding woodland scenery arrest the attention for a few minutes. Remounting, the tourist passes through Gadhkali, crosses the Nowbhanga river just before reaching Jadubpore, and if so inclined may linger a few minutes under the magnificent old tamarind trees at Sirsha. Bongong is now 9 miles off, and the road being perfect, the distance can be easily covered in 45 minutes. Benapool is the next little hamlet passed, and then a sudden dip in the road tells us that we are on the outskirts of Bongong. The approaches to the bridge of boats over the Ichamatti river, which runs through Bongong, are steep and usually in rather bad repair ; it is as well to dismount and walk the machine across. The dâk bungalow, one of the most comfortable and cleanly of its kind, lies to the west of the road, overlooks the river, and stands on

altogether a pretty spot, with its umbrageous trees and commanding view of the surrounding country. It is a sub-division of the Jessore District, and boasts a criminal and three civil courts. The population is fairly dense, and every square yard seems to be cultivated. It is an ideal place in which to spend a few quiet days. There is good shooting in the season between this point and Habra, and a trip up the river is not without its fascinations for the man who wants to spend an idle day with pipe and book, while there is probably good fishing to be had in the Ichamatti.

It will be for the tourist to decide whether he will cycle all the way to Calcutta from this point, taking his chances of a breakdown on the *kutcha* road that runs as far as Baraset, or whether he will train it to the latter village and pedal the remaining 14 miles in comfort. We strongly advise the latter course. But as our object is to describe the entire journey from Khoonla to Calcutta, we will give the reader some idea of the going to be found on the 35 miles between Bongong and Baraset. A mile after leaving the dâk bungalow the metalled road turns sharp to the left and leads to the railway station. The going gets suddenly very lumpy, and after another half mile a bend brings to view the open country with a baked mud track winding across it. Closer acquaintance with this track shows it to be made entirely of mud, for which the adjacent paddy fields are laid under contribution. Nothing but bullock carts pass over its surface, and these leave ruts varying in depth from a few inches to a couple of feet ; where it is considered necessary to level this track, huge lumps of mud are thrown down promiscuously

and left for the cart traffic to deal with. In fact, it is nothing but a succession of ruts, holes and lumps of baked mud. Such is the road for 35 miles. It *can* be travelled, in fact it has been successfully travelled by two members of the Bengal Cyclists' Association. Seeing, however, that one of them, owing to one of his pedals snapping on a chunk of mud, had to ride most of it with one leg, and that (the other man's tyre having been punctured) it took something like five hours to do what with even bad going should have occupied a couple of hours, we believe they do not *recommend* the ride. They say if the going were downright bad, they would not have minded, but there was no going at all !

After leaving Bongong this track passes through Futsara, Chandpara and Gaighata—mere collections of huts, the trees round which serve but to accentuate the dreary expanse of mud and stubble which reaches to the horizon. There is a bridge of boats across the Jaboona river, and close to it is the hamlet of Jalesar. Here there is a blacksmith's shop, the only one to be found between Bongong and Habra ; and it is useful to make a note of the fact in case of a breakdown. The railway line takes a big curve from Chandpara, and does not approach the road again till Habra, 28 miles from Calcutta. The track is a trifle better after leaving Habra, but between Goma and Duttapookur the surface is liberally strewn with sharp stones, and there is a possible puncture every ten yards. However, at Baraset, where the *pucca* road begins again, the troubles of the last 35 miles are over, and at Dum-Dum civilisation, lamp posts and canteen beer indicate the fact

that there are but seven miles more to go. There are two roads leading out of Dum-Dum into the Barrackpore Road. We recommend the one bearing to the right; it takes us past the Seven Tanks Garden and into the Trunk Road below Paikpara, and so home *via* Lower Circular Road.

CHAPTER XII.

SOME CENTRAL BENGAL ROADS.

CHOGDAH TO BONGONG, 20 miles.—This is a tolerably good stretch of road running due east and west and fairly shaded, especially at the Bongong end. It is not particularly well metalled from Chogdah to about half way, the impecunious Nuddea Board spending on this, as on all the roads under its control, as little money as possible. But it is rideable along the side paths, and from Gopalnagar, where the Bengal Central Railway branch line from Ranaghat to Bongong crosses the road, the going is good.

KISSENGUNGE TO JESSCRE *via* KOTCHANDPORE, 46 miles.—This is not a particularly interesting road. Starting from Kissengunge on the E. B. S. Ry., 65 miles from Calcutta, the direction is due east till we reach Jibannagar, 7 miles off; here we bear to the south till just before reaching Fatehpore, where cross roads meet. Taking that on our left, we make sure by enquiring for Bazrapur, where we cross a small stream, and four miles beyond this is Kotchandpore on the west bank of the Kobadak. The place is the centre of a large area devoted to sugar refining, and there is a big sugar factory here. Beyond this there is little to see and ditto to eat, for the District Road Inspection Bungalow is not open to the public without special permission obtained before hand, and though there is not much difficulty in getting this, supplies are very scanty.

Eight miles further east of Kotchandpore is Kaliganj, the road is capital all the way, and thence we can get to Jessore over a really first class road, just 18 miles.

JESSORE TO PUBNA, 62 miles.—There are portions of this road we do not recommend to cyclists; but we include this run in order to make our attempt to cater for the touring cyclist as complete as possible. There are two ways of getting to Pubna from Jessore. The most direct route is to take the road through Kaliganj alluded to in the last paragraph. At Bagdanga, about 4 miles from Jessore, we come to the junction of two roads. If we wish to smash the machine, we take the one to the left, if we don't, we keep straight on, and running through Kaliganj (18 miles), pass through Keshabpore and reach Jhenidah (28 miles). The sub-divisional officer has his head-quarters here, and there is a District Board Bungalow here too, access to which may be obtained through this officer. So far the road is well metalled and level; but from this point to Coomercolly, a small village about 10 miles from Pubna, the road is *cutcha*, and between Coomercolly and Pubna it is a mere path with the Ganges to cross before reaching the latter station. It might be tried during the cold weather; in the rains it is invariably breached and more or less under water. The alternate route is *via* Magoora. From Jessore to this place it is 27 miles, and from Magoora to Jhenidah another 18, only two of which are metalled, but the rest are *cutcha-pucca* and are usually in good order. At the 12th milestone between Jhenidah and Magoora there is an Indigo Factory. Magoora is a fairly big place, the head-quarters of a sub-division; there are courts, a school, a dispens-

sary and public offices dotted about ; it does a big export business in sugar and imports rice.

CHOOADANGAH TO JHENIDAH, $22\frac{1}{2}$ miles.—A tolerably good road, the first portion metalled and rocky, the latter portion *cutcha* and smooth. At the 10th mile a road on the left leads to the Sindoorie Indigo Factory, distant about a mile, and about 4 miles from Jhenidah the Nagarbatham Factory stands on the roadside. The scenery is flat and uninteresting, but there is plenty of shade, and in the cold weather, with a fortnight at one's disposal, this trip and the others mentioned above are worth trying.

CHAPTER XIII.

CALCUTTA TO CUTTACK.

DISTANCE.—Total distance from Calcutta, 261 miles. By river steamer to Ooloobaria, 20 miles; by canal steamer, 52 miles; by road from Midnapore, 189 miles.

ROAD.—One of the finest in India, kept up by the P. W. D.

ACCOMMODATION.—Dak bungalows at Ooloobaria, Midnapore, Chaitan Bazaar, Jellasore, Balasore, Bhadruck and Cuttack. Inspection bungalows about every 10 miles.

(For booking of passages, etc., apply to Managing Agents, I. G. S. N. Co., Ltd., 4, Fairlie Place, Calcutta.)

CHANDBALLY LINE.—The steamer leaves Calcutta (Kadomtollah Ghat) daily at daybreak except Mondays and Fridays, for Chandbally and Cuttack.

BALASORE LINE.—The steamer leaves Calcutta (Kadomtollah Ghat) at day-break on every Tuesday for Balasore.

FARES FROM CALCUTTA TO CHANDBALLY, CUTTACK AND BALASORE.

CLASS.	Chandbally.			Cuttack.			Balasore.		
	Rs.	As.	P.	Rs.	As.	P.	Rs.	As.	P.
First Class Saloon, single	15	0	0	25	0	0	15	0	0
Do. return	25	0	0	40	0	0	25	0	0
Second Class, single	8	0	0	12	8	0	8	0	0
Do. return	12	0	0	20	0	0	12	0	0
Upper Deck, single	4	0	0	Nil.			4	0	0
3rd Class Deck	2	0	0	3	0	0	1	0	0

Refreshments can be had on board the steamers. The extra charge for messing is Rs. 4 per day excluding wines.

CANAL STEAMER FARE.—From Ooloobaria to Midnapore, Rs. 8-7, Rs. 3-12, Rs. 1-14, and As. 15. Messing arrangements can be made on board.

THIS is a DELIGHTFUL TRIP in the cold weather, combining variety with the most perfect cycling conditions. It takes us over road, river, canal and sea, and occupies at the outside eight or nine days, allowing

for the easiest stages on the road. The road is a fine metalled track from beginning to end, maintained by the P. W. D. and under European supervision throughout. There is abundance of shade, good water, rest-houses every ten or twelve miles and six good dâk bungalows, in fact as a public way it is second only to the Grand Trunk Road. Several rivers have to be crossed, and in every case the ferry arrangements are both easy and expeditious. The P. W. D. inspection bungalows, or rest-houses alluded to above, are furnished, and in some there are cooking utensils, but no cooks or *khansamahs* are retained. The *chowkidars* in charge can, however, always be induced to boil water for tea or get a bath ready on the suggestion of *bucksheesh*, and, if supplies are forthcoming, they can usually produce *chapatis*, a curry, eggs, milk, &c. But if the stages are properly arranged there should be no necessity to rely on the culinary art of the *chowkidar*, though these bungalows will be found cool and comfortable places in which to make the long midday halt. The charge for occupying them is one rupee per day for travellers, subject to the proviso that they are not required by Government officers, in which case the cyclist would have to move on. The Bengal-Nagpore Railway line crosses the road between Midnapore and Cuttack five times, and runs parallel to it for many miles, so that one feels comfortable when contemplating the possibilities of a serious breakdown, and when the railway is opened for traffic, doubtless there will be refreshment rooms at intervals, where cyclists could supplement the dâk bungalow menu if so inclined. It is one hundred and eighty-nine miles by road and there are dâk bungalows

at Midnapore, Chaitun Bazaar, Jellasore, Balasore, Bhadruck and Cuttack, so that the commissariat question is one that need not trouble us at all. The road runs on to Madras through Berhampore, Rajahmundry, Kistrie, Ongole and Nellore, at all of which there are bungalows, and the going is uniformly good throughout. We have this on the authority of a cyclist, who has frequently cycled from one end to the other and is enthusiastic on the excellence of the surface and the pleasures of the ride. But our present concern is with the section between Midnapore and Cuttack, as we do not propose to go beyond the limits of the Bengal Presidency in these chapters.

Leaving Calcutta by one of the Rivers Steam Navigation Company's boats we arrive at Ooloobaria in about a couple of hours. We change into the Calcutta Steam Navigation Company's steamer here and do the intervening fifty-two miles to Midnapore by the canal, messing arrangements being made on board. At Midnapore there is a good dâk bungalow, and between this station and Cuttack the distance is one hundred and eighty-nine miles. In the first thirty miles we pass Benapore, Naraingarh and Ranisarai with a P. W. D. bungalow at each village; the next place of any importance is Dantan, seven miles further on, and another ten miles brings us to Jellasore, forty-eight miles from Midnapore, where there is a dâk bungalow. About five miles from Jellasore we come to the Subarnarikha river, the limit of the Midnapore district. We cross at Rajghat, and twelve miles further on is Basta, fifteen miles after passing which we dismount on the banks of the tortuous Bura Balong river, three miles

on the other side of which lies Balasore. The town is situated on the right bank of the Bura Balong (literally "Old Twister") about seven miles from the sea in a straight line, but fifteen by river. Balasore was one of the first English settlements in the east and the story of its acquisition is quite romantic. According to Sir W. W. Hunter, in 1636, Mr. Gabriel Broughton, surgeon of the ship *Hopewell*, cured the Emperor's daughter, whose clothes had caught fire, and in 1640, he successfully treated one of the ladies of the Bengal Viceroy's Zenana. When asked to name his own reward, he replied that he wished nothing for himself but begged that his countrymen might be allowed a maritime settlement in Bengal. Accordingly, in 1642 imperial commissions were made out granting the East India Company a land factory at Hughli, and a maritime settlement at Balasore. But the gradual silting up of the river mouth seriously injured the post; and the last blow was struck at its prosperity when, in 1863, the Government abandoned the monopoly of the salt manufacture and trade. Meanwhile the English were firmly establishing themselves at Calcutta, and the commerce of Balasore and its importance were gradually transferred to that place.

There is a well found dâk bungalow here and a good deal to see about the place.

Bhadruck is the next important place on the road forty-three miles from Balasore with Soro, a busy village with a large bazaar about midway. The last place we run through in the Balasore district is Aquapada, sixteen miles further south, and then we come to the Brahmini Byturnee river, the Indian Styx, which

defunct Hindoos cross by the aid of the sacred bull's tail. This forms the boundary between Balasore and Cuttack. In the course of the next sixteen miles we cross the Byturnee, the Kursoon, the Brahmini and the Mahanuddy rivers. Burchunna is the next halting place, then Tangi, twelve miles nearer Cuttack, and lastly, after another ten miles, the dâk bungalow at Cuttack and the road portion of our journey is accomplished. Cuttack (*Kataka*—The Fort) is the chief town and administrative head-quarters of the district and the capital of the Province of Orissa. It was once a flourishing place, its trade and commerce being considerable, while among its manufactures the silver filigree work—its speciality—has a world-wide reputation, and is, perhaps, increasing with indications of a growing demand ; but it is not a particularly lively place now, and is associated chiefly in the European mind with those embodiments of rascality, the Ooryia bearer and *palkee-wallah*, who hail from these parts. There are three alternative return routes,—by steamer, *via* Chandbally daily, except Sundays and Mondays, travelling to Chandbally by *palk-e dâk* (in dry weather), or by the Orissa Carrying Company's steamer ; or by through steamer to Calcutta, messing extra at Rs. 4 per diem, or by the way we came, and by train when the Bengal-Nagpur Railway is open over this section.

Tips to Cyclists. —

Muscle stiffness after a long ride, or consequent on racing, may be cured by a single application of

Anodyne Cajeput Embrocation.

Any inflammation or pain in the eyes, caused by the glare reflected from roads, by hot winds, or by particles of dust, is removed, as by magic, by the use of

Eagle Eye Ointment.

That tired feeling so often experienced after a long run in the heat, or when commencing training, will vanish immediately after taking a glass of

S. S. & Co.'s Kola Wine.

It is unequalled as a restorative and pick-me-up.

Obtainable only from

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BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON & "CUP" WINES.

	<i>Per doz. bottles.</i>
"Brut" Champagne, '89 Vintage 50 0
Laubenheimer , Light Luncheon Wine	... 25 12
Ch. Larose , a full mellow Dinner Wine	... 28 8
St. Julien , exceptionally good bouquet	... 23 8
St. Estephe , fine character and bouquet	... 19 0
Pauillac , very popular Breakfast Wine	... 16 4
Graves , very choice delicious Summer Wine ...	22 0
Barsac , a choice Sauterne, recommended	... 24 12
Beaune , soft and delicate—the best	... 24 12
Light Chablis , old and dry 23 12
Carlowitz , No. 1, specially selected	... 26 8
Ditto No. 2, very full bodied Wine	... 22 0
"La Torre," the best of Sherries for Invalids ...	28 8

DINNER SPECIALITIES.

Ch. Lafite , very choice, delicate and soft	... 42 0
Champagne "Gold Lack," 1889, Net	... 79 0
Old Crusted Port , there is none better	... 45 12
Amontillado , A1, the finest shipped	... 49 8
E. I. Madeira , No. 1, choice and luscious	... 51 8
"Pall Mall," the perfection of Scotch Whiskies, 11 years old. Mellow and Creamy	... 39 0

10% Discount for Cash.

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CHAPTER XIV.

MOORSHEDABAD TO CALCUTTA.

DISTANCE 150 miles.

ROAD.—Fair in places; bad in others. Good shade.

ACCOMMODATION.—Dak Bungalows at Berhampore, Kishnaghur, and Buggoola.

Eastern Bengal State Railway Refreshment Rooms at Buggoola.

TRAINS.—To Azimgunge from Alcutta, by Eastern Bengal State Railway.

FARE.—Rs. 16-2-1, Rs. 8-1-0, and Rs. 2-3-9.

With the ancient capital of the Mahomedan rulers of Bengal and such places of historical interest as Kishnaghur and Plassey on the itinerary, this trip ought to be one of the most enjoyable in Bengal. So it would be if some District Boards were not so poverty-stricken and could squeeze out a few extra thousands for repairing the road and keeping it in good order. Experience of the Grand Trunk Road—"the finest cycling track in the world" as Mr. John Foster Fraser calls it, and he ought to know—rather spoils one for other roads in Bengal; but if we are looking for nothing but an absolutely perfect surface whenever we venture away from the limits of civilization, we shall have but *one* road open to us. The touring cyclist who uses cuss words and deplores having ever stared out the moment he strikes a bit of bad going, is to be pitied; but at any rate, he can appreciate the good bits when he comes across them, and after all it is the surmounting of these little difficulties and the experience thereby gained that constitutes much of the

charm of a run through rural Bengal. If we say that the road between Moorshedabad and Calcutta is an out-and-out bad one, we shall be departing from the good example set us by George Washington ; in the course of these hundred and fifty miles there are many good stretches, some indifferent and a few downright bad. Still it is rideable the greater part of the way, and in the cold weather (at no other season) it is a trip a man in good condition, riding a strong machine—spring frame cushion for choice—might get a lot of fun out of. Given this much, we recommend riding down to Calcutta in preference to making Moorshedabad one's destination, for the wind in the cold weather would be of much help.

Moorshedabad is reached *via* Azimgunge, a station on the E. I. Railway. Timing our arrival there, so as to admit of an early start in the morning, we get over the few miles between the station and the city as soon as we can, for carts and gharries are numerous and dust very thick later on. Some time may be profitably spent in Moorsedabad, a place which has changed but little during the last fifty years. Like most old towns in Bengal where commerce once flourished, and the arts and manufactures were liberally patronised, its glory has departed.

Numerous brick buildings stand all along the banks of the river, north and south of the palace, which belong to, and are chiefly occupied by, the relatives and adherents of the Nawab. Many others, some with pretty gardens, are scattered about in the tangled maze of jungle, hovels, holes and tanks which lie to the eastward. Standing on the top of the palace dome, the loftiest

palace in the district, and looking over the city and its suburbs, little meets the eye but a dense forest of bamboos and trees of all kinds. Hardly a clear spot is to be seen. It is only when one turns to the west that the river and the high land in the north-west of the district present open tracts. A stranger, as he stood and gazed, would never imagine that below was a dense mass of human beings of all classes, crowded together in every description of house and hut. There are no defined limits of Moorshedabad as a city, nor is any part known especially by this name. It is given indiscriminately to a collection of temples, mosques, handsome brick houses, gardens, walled enclosures, hovels, huts, and tangled jungle, containing the ruins of edifices that have sprung up and decayed around the many palaces of the former and present Nawabs of Moorshedabad.

Moorshedabad now exhibits but few traces of its former grandeur. The chief object of attraction is the palace of the Nawab, on the banks of the river, and nearly in the centre of the city. It is a large and imposing pile of buildings in the Indian style, and its proportions are by some preferred to those of Government House at Calcutta. It took ten years in building, and was completed in 1837, at a cost of £167,000. The architect was General Macleod, of the Bengal Engineers, but all the other persons engaged on the work were natives. The edifice itself is called by the natives the *Aina Mahal*, and together with other buildings enclosed within the same wall, it is known as the *Nizamat Kila*, or fort. The palace is 425 ft. long, 200 ft. wide and 80 ft. high. It has a splendid marble floor, and contains

a banqueting-hall 290 ft. long, with sliding doors encased in mirrors. In the centre of the building is a dome, from which hangs a vast and most superb chandelier of 150 branches, presented to the Nawab by the Queen. Beneath stands a beautiful ivory throne, with painted and gilded flowers, a specimen of the perfection of that ivory work for which Moorshedabad is famous. Hung on the walls are portraits of the present Nawab, his ancestors, and his sons. The zenana or private apartments are situated to the right of the main entrance, and in the rear of the palace. Within the same enclosure is the Imambara or "house of prayers," which is built directly in front of the northern principal door. Outside the *kila*, and a short distance on the left along the road leading to Berhampore, is the magnificent range of coach-houses and stabling for horses and elephants. The Nizama-College, which has been built exclusively for the education of the relatives of the Nawab, at a cost of £7,800, is situated in the opposite direction, a little way up the river.

Leaving Moorshedabad we make for Berhampore, between 7 and 8 miles distant. This place was a great deal more populous in former days, when it was a military station, but no troops have been stationed in Berhampore since 1870. It was famous for its manufactures in the last century, and will ever be remembered as the scene of the first overt act of the Mutiny. There are some silk factories in which hospitable Frenchmen abound; there is a *dâk* bungalow in the sunder station, and the usual Government offices and buildings, together with several churches, and a cemetery which contains some interesting memorial tablets. The next item is breakfast and a tub, and

while these are in progress, a light tiffin can be arranged for ; this will be needed further on, say, at Plassey. Between Berhampore and Plassey there are twenty-three miles. So far the going has been good, but from Barwa, midway between these stations, it gradually declines in quality till picking one's way and an occasional walk over a bad bit become necessary. We can eat our tiffin at Plassey, or wait till we get to Debogram, 6 miles further on. At any rate, we must have a run round Plassey, the spot on which Clive founded England's military power in India. The famous battle-field is now under the Bhagirathi river, on the east bank of which Suraj-ud-Dowlah, on the 23rd June, 1757, was utterly routed. There used to be a few years ago a solitary mango tree, the sole survivor of Clive's famous grove of 3,000, and strange to say, it was held sacred by the Mahomedans in the district. There is silk factory here, managed by a French gentleman, who, we have reason to suppose, would help the tourist along. From Plassey to Kishnaghur the distance is 32 miles, and Debogram and Nakasiparra lie *en route* ; there are long avenues of trees and wide stretches of open country to pass through—the usual scenery of Bengal—and just before reaching Kishnaghur, the Jellinghee river has to be crossed. Arrived at Kishnaghur, the dâk bungalow is the first place we make for, and if we have time, a run round the station is not without interest. There is not much to see, for the roads seem given over to native students, and the compounds to athletic apparatus, for the town is a seat of learning and the palestra of Young Bengal. Also it is a great place for monkeys. Besides the famous college,

Kishnaghur boasts many schools, vernacular, Anglo-vernacular, and mission; in fact every other house in the main roads seems to be a school of sorts, and besides these there are the mud modellers and other indigenous craftsmen who may be hunted up and interviewed. Kishnaghur is also the residence of the Rajas of Nadiya, one of the oldest historical families of Bengal.

It is 70 miles from Kishnaghur to Calcutta, and some of the going is simply vile. But this can be circumvented by taking a ticca from the bungalow to Buggoolah railway station on the Eastern Bengal Railway, a drive of 11 miles through a magnificent avenue nearly the whole way, and over a road which will shake up one's interior economy to the limits of endurance. Breakfast at the Refreshment Rooms and train to Ranaghat if you would take things comfortably, and then remount and do the remaining 45 miles. If we are not dismayed at the prospect of rough going, we will take the road from Kishnaghur, which runs through Arbandi and Birnagar, and so reach Ranaghat about as soon as if we adopted the alternative above given. There is no *dâk* bungalow on this road, but Messrs. Sorabjee & Co., the refreshment contractors on the Eastern Bengal State Railway, are very obliging people, and would make no difficulty in arranging to send down a cold collation to meet one at Ranaghat, and would put up something to consume later on in the day. After Ranaghat we pass Chogdah and Mudunpore, the *cutcha-pucca* road taking us for some distance along the banks of the river, and from the latter village, through which the railway runs, we reach Baraset, 14 miles from Calcutta, and so through Dum-Dum to our journey's end.

CHAPTER XV.

SYNTHIA TO DEOGHUR.

DISTANCE. 87 Miles.

ROAD.—Very good, and hilly in parts.

ACCOMMODATION.—Dâk Bungalows at Sooree and Doomka. Kellner's Refreshment Rooms at Madhupur.

Cyclists in Bengal can make no better trip than from Synthia to Deoghur, a distance of about 87 miles. Leaving Calcutta by the loop line passenger train, one reaches Synthia about six next morning. Mounting his bike immediately the visitor would run the seven miles into Sooree before *chhota hazree*, which he would obtain at the Sooree Dâk Bungalow, provided the *khansamah* is wired to before hand. After *chhota hazree* and a smoke, the cyclist proceeds on his way to Doomka, along a good macadamized road. Four or five miles from Sooree, the Neore river has to be crossed, and this is easily done, coolies always being in readiness. The river is nothing more or less than a mountain torrent, rising in the Taljhari Hills not far from Deoghur, so if it should happen just after heavy rain that the river is swollen, an hour or two will see it again in its natural depth, which is from four inches to twelve inches. Having got across, the rider again mounts his bike and wheels twelve miles on a very straight road devoid of any particular interest, just such a road as one might see anywhere in the neighbourhood of Burdwan. After

these twelve miles the scenery changes from a flat uninteresting country to an extremely charming one. Here the road is not flat and straight, for it passes through very hilly and rocky country, winding through almost impenetrable jungles and rocky and thickly-covered hills, where as often as not may be seen the wily tiger, and leopards and bears innumerable. ~~this~~ part of the country, and in fact the whole of the way into Doomka, is really beautiful. The thickly-wooded hills and the numerous hills and streams will help to make a stranger believe he is anywhere but in Bengal. At the thirty-second mile from Sooree is Doomka, the capital, if one may use that term, of the Santhal Pergunnahs, an exceedingly picturesque little station nestling in the basin formed by the miniature mountains on all sides. The cyclist will find here a spacious dâk bungalow with a *khansamah* in charge, who can provide everything at a moment's notice. It would be well to stay, say for one night at the bungalow, and ride round the station and its neighbourhood. There is a lake with a boat, a bathing-shed or swimming bath, and two miles from the station limits is Higla Hill, from the summit of which an enchanting view may be obtained of the surrounding country, with the river Neore winding its snaky length through hills and jungles. After breakfast, the cyclist should proceed to Deoghur *via* Nekrapehari, a village on the banks of the Neore river, which has to be crossed again at the fifth mile from Doomka. Here coolies may again be obtained with no difficulty. This river has to be crossed twice during the whole ride, and this is the only difficulty

in the way. The distance from Doomka to Deoghur is as nearly as possible forty-two miles, along a good macadamized road the whole way with occasional ascents and descents. Arriving at Deoghur, the cyclist should take the first train as far as Madhupore, the next station, where the refreshment room will provide him with dinner, and where he can wait for the mail train to Calcutta, which will land him there in the early merning.

CHAPTER XVI.

DACCA TO CHITTAGONG.

DISTANCE.—96 miles (by road from Brahminberria).

ROAD.—Very good and picturesque.

ACCOMMODATION.—Dâk Bungalows at Dacca, Naraingunge, Daudkandy, Seetakoond and Chittagong. Circuit House at Comillah.

TRAINS.—E. B. S. Railway—Calcutta to Dacca, *via* Goalundo, and steamers to Naraingunge.—Fares, Rs. 25-12-0, Rs. 12-14-0 and Rs. 4-0-9.

A.-B. Railway from Chittagong, *via* Chandpur and Goalundo.—Fares, Rs. 31-9-0, Rs. 19-5 and Rs. 4-15-0.

NOTE.—Also by B. I. Steamers to and from Chittagong direct.

Few Tours in Bengal offer as many allurements as this one. There is the greatest variety of scenery—rivers, sylvan spots, hills, a good road, a little steamer trip, a little boating, interesting places and ancient monuments, and, if undertaken in the cold weather, the most delightful climatic conditions. The route passes through country quite different to anything seen in other parts of Bengal; the people are different, new things strike the eye everywhere, fresh and pleasant experiences are gained at every stage. Any cyclist with ten days' leave falling due about Christmas time may undertake this tour with the assurance that his journey will be most enjoyable, and profitable, too, from the large additions he will be able to make to his knowledge of the country.

The night mail from Sealdah arrives at Goalundo at daylight, where we embark on one of the railway mail steamers for Naraingunge, which station we reach the same evening after a refreshing blow on

the river. Here we enter the train which takes us to Dacca, where we find one of the largest *dâk* bungalows in Bengal. Next morning a spin round Dacca, as far as the elephant stables, through the interesting ruins of the old forts, round by the race course and back before breakfast : this may be followed by a prowl round the interesting old native town, which will fill in the time till lunch. Then by train to Naraingunge to catch the I. G. S. N. Company's despatch steamer, which bears us towards Comillah, and which runs in conjunction with the Goalundo mail. This steamer anchors at night, but starting again at daylight sets us down at Lalpore early in the morning. Our next point is Brahminberria, eight miles as the crow flies. But as we do not propose to fly, we stow our wheel in a country boat and make ourselves as comfortable as we can for the next eighteen miles, which is the distance by water. The country-boats of these parts have their advantages and disadvantages. They are nearly all of the same pattern—long, rakish-looking craft, with two bamboo mat coops or *toppers*, separated by a space of about 3 feet near the centre, through which the traveller, when tired of urging on the *manjees*, smoking or reading, may introduce his head and shoulders, and admire the surrounding scenery. They number, among their disadvantages, a leakiness common to their kind, and unless kept pretty much on an even keel, baling out becomes the half-hourly duty of one or other of the crew. For a few miles the course runs along a river, which we leave, and cross a *jheel* over five miles in diameter. Here *jheel*

rice flourishes on every side in water over 8 feet deep. Planted in April, it grows and rises with the water, keeping about a foot above it, till in some places the stalks are over twenty feet long. The rise, however, must be gradual; a sudden inundation swamps the rice, and destroys the crop. Leaving the *jheel*, we enter the Gokarno Khal, which runs at right angles to the river Teetas. From this point the scenery begins to grow charming. At every bend a series of rural pictures opens out before us. Along the high banks the cane, and other jungle, mingled with arums and bright creepers, form a foreground for umbrageous trees on both sides, which afford a grateful shade, in some places completely meeting overhead. Picturesque hamlets occur at intervals, numbers of amphibious children play all day on the banks or in the water, swimming about, splashing each other, and making the villages ring with their raucous shouts. The population about here seems to live as much in the water as on the land, for when not actually fishing or wading in the shallows, the people are to be found at the water's edge, either just going to plunge in or but just out of it.

We reach Brahminberria in the afternoon and begin the land journey by cycling to Daudkandy, seven miles further on. There is a well found dâk bungalow here, and we make it our halting place for the night. The run into Comillah from this place—thirty-three miles—is through charming country, several rivers have to be crossed, and a fine view of the Tipperah Hills is obtained all the way. At Kusbah, which

is just beyond Pootea, there is a road cess bungalow almost hidden among lofty trees—an extremely pretty spot at the foot of the hills and only twelve miles from Agurtollah, the capital of Hill Tipperah. It is not necessary to stop here, for Comillah is but twenty miles further on, and an early start should land us there by 10 A. M.

Comillah is the district of tanks and *muts*, or temples, erected in memory of long-departed notabilities, and usually built on the spot where their remains were consigned to the flames. These *muts* closely resemble the spires of churches, being in fact in many instances nothing more than solid and lofty obelisks, but some of the larger spires surmount temples, which are endowed by the family of the departed, dedicated to the worship of Shiva, each possessing a *lingam* and supporting one or more priests. The tanks, some of which are of enormous area, were dug by old rulers of the land; one of them, close to the station of Comillah, is nearly three miles in circumference. Near-ing Comillah the road joins the famous Goomtee bund. The Goomtee, which derives its name from its extremely tortuous course, is the principal river of Independent Tipperah, and takes its rise in the Tipperah Hills. At one place it indulges in so many windings that, during nearly a whole day's journey in a boat, a temple on its banks is in view! It discharges itself into the Megna, at a point thirty-two miles from Comillah. Altogether, the line of embankments extends thirty-six miles, and the cost of maintenance is defrayed entirely by the Maharajah of Hill Tipperah.

The next village we pass is Chadana, from which it is a run of about an hour and a half into Comillah, where we can put up at the Circuit House, sleep the night and make a start for Chittagong next morning. Meanwhile the day will be pleasantly spent in wheeling round the station and its environs.

Comillah may fairly lay claim to a prominent place among the stations of Bengal. The first thing that strikes the visitor, as he lands at the ghât and drives through the town, is that Comillah is a marvellously well-wooded town, decidedly more rural than urban. Every house, bungalow, or cutcherry, stands in its own little park, many of them being hardly discernible through the trees. Every road runs through an avenue of goldmohur trees, peepul, teak, tamarind, jack, and other comely giants. One can drive almost round and through the station, and be in the shade the whole way. Near the race course is the Trunk Road, which runs parallel to it, and down which a clear unbroken view is presented for nearly a mile, the magnificent old trees closely planted meeting overhead nearly the entire length. The race course itself is a relic of bygone days; the track still remains, about a mile and a half round, but the area enclosed by the circle is given up to paddy fields; not even a post or bamboo remains to mark the site of the "Grand Stand." The sporting "grift," the man from Calcutta with something dark, the bookmaker, and the Indian racing man know it no more. Sir Augustus Rivers Thompson, a former Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, first saw the light at Comillah. His father, G. P. Thompson, was then Judge and Collector—in those days the two posts went together—

and portions of the old ruin are still standing in which the interesting event occurred. Thompson's bridge and the bridge bungalow still exist, the former sporting a stone tablet, displaying the initials "G. P. T." and "1836" below.

The Comillah bazaar is acknowledged to be the model bazaar of Bengal. It occupies one long straight street, with the shops on either side; the *pucca* road between is over eighty feet wide ; a row of ancient banian and peepul trees comes next, then a wide *pucca* drain, and on the outside the shops. Many of these are brick structures, others are *cutcha*, but nearly all have either corrugated iron roofs or zinc over thatch. The street from shop to shop is a trifle wider than Old Court House Street, several degrees cleaner, and absolutely perfect from an artistic point of view. The two fountains, half-a-dozen dusty town-grown trees, with their backgrounds of old iron pillars and pipes, which encompass the Calcutta Municipal Market, constitute claims to a certain urban picturesqueness perhaps, but even these fail to call forth the admiration which overtakes the visitor on his first glimpse of this mofussil bazaar in one of the most out-of-the-way corners of rural Bengal.

Every private house in Comillah has its tank, and public tanks, including the Ranee Diggee and Dharma Sagar (the latter about twice as long as Lall Diggee in Calcutta) have been dug apparently wherever convenient sites could be found. These supply the drinking water, as the water from the Goomtee is undrinkable ; there are over 500 tanks in the station of Comillah itself, and their area in proportion to that of

the town is as one-fifth. There is the church, and the Beer Chunder public library, the usual Government offices, and several interesting mosques, temples, *muts* and old indigo factories to be seen. The cemetery, too, contains some tablets and monuments sure to arrest the attention of those who like to prowl among the tombs. A run up the hill slopes, over a road that takes one to a considerable elevation, will add variety to the tour, and give us a chance of a little hill climbing--a rare luxury in Bengal.

An early start next morning is the correct tip. Chittagong is 50 miles off; there are some interesting things to see along the road, and in some places the surface is not as good as it has been, though rideable all the way. Leaving Comillah, we have the Tipperah Hills on our right, and soon strike the Chittagong Hills on the left, the road taking us quite close to the foot of the lower ranges Echakalee (10 miles) and Mir Sera a little further on are the two most important places we run through, till we pull up at Sitakoond, about midway between Comillah and Chittagong. Here there is a bungalow and a large bazaar once a week. We must dismount and inspect the famous shrine.

Few Europeans have visited Sitakoond. Probably once a year, during the great festival which is held there, an Assistant Magistrate, or other functionary from Chittagong, repairs to the spot, and devotes some of his time and attention to the inspection of the pilgrims, and the proper housing of the thousands who pour in from all parts of Bengal, Behar, and even Orissa. Sitakoond, or Sita's well, situated on the Chandra Shekara Hill, 1,155 feet above sea level, is one of the

peaks of the Sitakoond range. Anyone who finds himself in the vicinity and neglects the chance of the climb, the scenery, and the magnificent view from the summit of the hill, misses a very great deal. Right before us rises Sitakoond, densely wooded, and here and there near the summit a bare scarp of grey or red sandstone. There is no attempt at a pathway ; we pick our way through acres of ground, overgrown with the *mimosa* or sensitive plant with its tiny purple flower. The thorns are rather familiar with our feet and ankles, and as the leaves shut up on the slightest contact with anything, we leave a well defined track behind us. Large shady trees abound, rare orchids, many in flower, depend from their branches and trunks, which at the base are covered with cool variegated moss and ground orchids. Gay creepers trail over the ground, or hang in festoons from the trees, a gorgeous mass of colour and foliage. Tiny streams trickle down the hillside and over the boulders covered with lichens and moss. They meet here and there, gathering fresh impetus in their downward course, and reaching the edge of almost perpendicular rocks, topple over in delightful little cascades of the purest crystal. Brilliant-coloured birds fly about calling to each other among the clumps of feathery moolie bamboos ; scarlet-crested woodpeckers in pairs tap the bark incessantly ; the discordant crow-pheasant wheels threateningly overhead ; sombre-coloured butterflies flit about among the flowers.

Half-way up on a plateau, we come across the first of the temples below the shrine of Sita, which is held in great veneration by the Hindoo population of Eastern Bengal. These temples are rude brick and plaste

buildings, of no architectural style in particular ; square in shape, with bell roofs, and some of them exhibit rude attempts at carving. They are built round a brick-paved quadrangle, with thatched huts, in which the priests and their disciples live, filling up the spaces between them. Nearly all of them contain idols of various units in the Hindoo mythology—Kali, Juggernath, Radha-Krishna, and others, with *lingams*, wherever room can be found for them. The idols are decked in tinsel ; and marigolds, chumpa, neam, bael, and hibiscus flowers are hung round their necks, or piled in heaps before them. Bright vessels of brass are arranged in conspicuous positions ; each temple has a full orchestra of gongs and bells ; the vermillion paint is daubed over all the *lingams*, and every large stone about the place, on roots of trees, and on the foreheads of the *pujaris*.

Leaving the lower temples, we commence the steepest part of the ascent. There are about 600 masonry steps leading up to the principal temple of Shumboonath, originally built 500 years ago. These steps, the building of which is attributed to the old kings of Tipperah, have a foot rise each, are about 5 feet wide, and are generally in bad repair, while as a protection against a broken neck and a sudden visit to kingdom come, there is a wall or parapet on each side exactly one foot high ! On one side there is a sheer drop of from 80 to 100 feet.

And when we have reached the top, what a panorama spreads itself before us on a fine day in the cold weather. Looking towards the east, we see below us the hill we have climbed, and the lower range of hills which run parallel to the Sitakoond range. Far out to sea we see steamers and country craft. The island of Sundeep

appears only a few miles off, Hatiya is distinctly visible, and the Megna and Bordoo channels can be followed to a considerable distance. Close by is the temple of Shumboonath and shrine of Sita, from which originally a spring issued out of the rock. The present temple was erected by a wealthy native about fifty years ago, but it is in a very dilapidated state. The original structure was demolished in 1847.

Descending in less than a quarter of the time occupied in the ascent, we remount and make for Barakoonda, twelve miles off. Here we have another climb before us, but up a capitally aligned road and easy gradient.

Barakoonda, a supremely venerated spot, stands on a hill twelve miles from Chittagong. This is another resort of pilgrims, and competes successfully with Sitakoond. It is supposed to be a volcanic well, the water of which is said to be igneous. The flaming well is underground, and a temple has been erected over it. Many theories have been formulated as to the cause of the so-called phenomenon, of which marsh gas igniting on contact with the air seems the most likely. To the mind of the ignorant native pilgrim, who, before reaching the well, has to pass through narrow passes in the lonely hills, through dark valleys where the overhanging branches of trees almost block out the light, the place is pregnant with awful associations. But to the European, Barakoonda is one of the many ingenious and lucrative deceptions practised on the credulity of the confiding natives by their priests.

If we would see the shrine, we must first take off our shoes. The priests take us in tow, and with a premonitory hint at *bucksheesh*, show the way to

the temple. A massive iron bound door is unlocked, and preceded by the priest, we enter an outer apartment. A gong stand, a bell stand, a small wooden model of a car of Juggernaut, and some brass utensils are the only furniture it contains. Directly in front of us is a flight of narrow stone steps with an arched roof. We enter, and descending into almost total darkness, grope our way after our guide. The heat is intense, and we feel as if entering an oven. Presently we come to the bottom of the steps, and find ourselves in a vaulted chamber about eighteen feet square. In the centre there is a shallow well, flanked by four narrow steps. One end of this well is bricked over, and in the centre of the arch there is a circular aperture, out of which bright tongues of flame issue and shoot up a couple of feet, accompanied by a roaring noise like that made by a blacksmith's forge—*very* like a forge, in fact nothing else *but* a forge. The whole thing is bunkum, but interesting nevertheless. Half a minute's inspection dissipates the "natural causes" theory. No marsh gas here, but an ingenious arrangement, cunningly concealed below the floor, where doubtless an assistant works the bellows, while the flame is fed from above with a sponge or other medium saturated in methylated spirits, or something of the sort. There are two distinct blasts—one driving the flame upwards through a hole in the brickwork arch, and another, which, at intervals, sends a jet of flame from under the arch on to the surface of the water, where it blazes for a fraction of a second, and is extinguished. The water is quite cool, and absolutely tasteless. It

bubbles up from a spring, and the surplus is carried off through a pipe into a reservoir outside, and thence down the hill, where it marks out a course for itself.

The next village we come across is Bansberria, and eight miles further on there is a bungalow. If our trips to Sitakoond and Barakoonda have absorbed too much time, we can spend the night here ; if not, we can continue to Chittagong, twelve miles off. The intermediate villages are Phoira and Merpur, after leaving which behind, we discover a remarkable ruin on our left. This is what remains of the bungalow of Sir William Jones' "Belvedere," or "Bellvue," as it was called. The place, built on one of the highest of the neighbouring hills, is now a complete and picturesque ruin : the walls inside and out are so overgrown with creepers, moss, and peepul trees, that the whole pile might easily be mistaken from the roadside for a clump of trees. Here Sir William Jones lived for many years, and here he wrote most of his more important works. The original road, over half a mile long, leading from the bungalow to the main road, is still in existence, and the spot is occasionally resorted to by picnic parties. Leaving this crumbling landmark a mile behind, the first indications of the town of Chittagong are met with. The houses and shops grow more numerous, the populace more urban, and the Chittagong fowl, that personification of muscular impudence, is more in evidence than ever. He stalks across the road with head erect, and beneath his fiery comb and wattle lurks his rolling, ever watchful eye. He is not burdened with many feathers ; of tail he has the merest apology. His legs, especially the upper part, are wonderfully developed,

reminding one of the huge muscular thighs of an ancient Grecian wrestler. He resents the approach of a cycle, but when we are within six yards of him, he clears the road in four skips, and gaining the drain, comes smartly to attention as we pass.

Just before reaching the town, the road leads between two small but very steep hills, known as "Tiger Pass." The pass takes its name from the royal beast, who in years gone by used to take the air on these hills, though nowadays the leopard is the only beast of prey that visits Chittagong. The ground is entirely covered with jungle, cane brake, wild turmeric (from the roots of which the red powder used during the "Holi" festival is manufactured), and the gigantic sun grass. When this grass is in flower, the hills on either side of the pass look from a distance as if covered with snow. Passing by a couple of tea gardens, the main road running through one of them, the town of Chittagong appears right before us. "Fairy" Hill, on which the Government offices stand, and the highest land in Chittagong; "Tempest" Hill, so called from its exposed position; the Collector's, Commissioner's, and Engineers' bungalows; and the spacious premises of Messrs. Bulloch Brothers, are the first to strike the eye. The Club is further away, and nearer the bazaar. The view from the south verandah of the Club is enchanting. One looks right over the town, the bazaar, the roads below the adjacent houses, with here and there a Mahomedan mosque or Mugh temple peeping out between the trees. The valleys of the Kornafuli and Hulda rivers are clearly visible; the mouth of the mighty Megna, with a fleet of country brigs,

steamers, and small craft in the harbour below, is seen through the breaks in the trees. Far away to the left are the Chittagong Hill Tracts, three parallel ranges in the blue distance, with the "Asses' Ears", two high peaks, so called from the curious shape the river assumes in its course between them.

Within the limits of our present space, we cannot attempt to describe Chittagong as it deserves to be described. In its scenery, and also in one or two other respects, the place has few equals on this side of India. Darjeeling is stupendous, rugged, awe-inspiring, sublime. Chittagong is charming and pretty, and can fairly lay claim to a variety of attractions peculiarly its own. Every house in the station stands on its own little hill, the summit of which in almost every case is planted with trees, to protect the bungalows from the severity of the storms which frequently pass over Chittagong. The tall casuarina, through which the wind soughs like the breaking of waves on the distant seashore, the graceful minjaree, with its rich profusion of yellow blossoms, reminding one forcibly of laburnum and dear old Kent, surround almost every house. Many verandahs are perfect orchid houses : geraniums, fuschias, dahlias, and other old English friends, bloom and flourish nearly all the year round. The well-metalled roads are exceedingly pretty ; they cut between the hills, over small rustic bridges, round curves, and through winding lanes which at each turn open out an ever-varying panorama, of which the visitor seems never to tire.

The return to Calcutta can be by B. I. steamer, or by the Assam-Behar Railway.

CHAPTER XVII.

PURULIA TO RANCHI.

DISTANCE.—75 miles.

ROAD.—Good; hilly from Jhalda to Ranchi.

ACCOMMODATION.—Dâk Bungalows at Purulia, Tulin and Ranchi.

TRAINS.—From Calcutta to Purulia E. I. R., change at Assansol.

FARES.—Rs. 16-14-0, Rs. 8-3-0, and Rs. 2-4-0.

Ranchi, though it has no pretensions to be called a "hill station," nevertheless has a very agreeable climate. This is especially the case at the end of the rains, from October onwards, when the atmosphere is still close and steamy in lower Bengal. The cold weather during November, December, January, February, is most exhilarating and bracing. The scenery is pretty, even beautiful in parts, though it cannot aspire to be grand or imposing.

The cyclist may reach Ranchi *via* Purulia station on the B. N. R., a run of 75 miles, described below, and return the same way, or else ride north to Hazaribagh, 57 miles, and thence to Giridih, $72\frac{1}{2}$ miles. If of an adventurous disposition, he may ride south, about 72 miles, to Chakradharpur on the B. N. R.

These routes are briefly described below, with reference to the nature of the road, the scenery, and possibilities of rest and refreshment.

In any of these rides the cyclist should provide himself with portable food and drink, sandwiches, or cutlets, felt-covered bottle of liquid (? tea) which, if damped, affords a deliciously cool drink *en route*.

The road from Purulia to Ranchi is metalled throughout, and also bridged at all rivers and ravines, with the exception of one stream about the 44th mile. This stream is crossed by an "Irish bridge," or stone causeway, and only detains travellers in the height of the rainy season.

The road is fairly level for the first 48 miles. After Jhalda, 30 miles, the scenery becomes more interesting, and hilly. The next ten miles beyond Kita afford a gradual ascent, relieved by occasional dips; but few of the gradients are severe, one or two are rather steep. A lady resident of Ranchi has ridden up the whole ghât without dismounting. The remainder of the road, after the crest of the plateau is reached, consists of gentle undulations, right into Ranchi, the church-spicie of which is visible from a considerable distance.

The stages of the road are noted below :—

Rest-houses.	Miles from Purulia.	REMARKS.
Purulia	Railway station, Refreshment Room, Dak Bungalow, with supplies and cooking available. A cooly can be obtained from Jussimuddin & Co. to carry light luggage to Ranchi, at a cost of Rs. 2-8.
Narainpur	12	Nothing available, but small rest-house and a kettle.
Bamna	25	Do. do.

Rest-houses.	Miles from Purulia.	REMARKS.
Tulin	35	This is the best place to break the journey, either for a night's rest, or a bath and meal. The former course being advisable, unless the cyclist is very fit. Food and cook available here, at the Dâk Bungalow.
Kita	44	Good rest house. No cook.
Jhalda	53	Rest house. No cook. Police station. The steepest gradients of the road lie between this and the next stage.
Angara	63	Rest house. No cook.
Ranchi	75	Dak Bungalow, cook, &c., situated near the Jail. Food and drink supplies of all ordinary kinds available.

RANCHI TO HAZARIBAGH.

This road affords pretty scenery almost the whole way, and has often been traversed by cyclists, one of whom has made the entire run in less than six hours, in spite of numerous hills. The scenery beyond Chutu Palu is especially fine, and the cyclist can have a grand coast of nearly 8 miles, down towards Ramgarh, a descent of nearly 1,000 feet.

The road is metalled and bridged throughout, except at Ramgarh. The river there, the Damuda, is crossed by a ferry boat in the rains, but can be easily forded in the cold weather. Beyond Ramgarh the cyclist has numerous steep ascents to conquer, especially to Kuju, and again beyond Mandu, until he gains the level of the Hazaribagh plateau. This second part of the ride is through jungly country.

Stages.	Miles from Ranchi.	REMARKS.
Ormanji	13	Rest house. No cook.
Chutu Palu	19	Do. Do. Steep descent follows here, down into valley of the Damuda. Grade 1 in 30.
Ramgarh	29	Rest house. The <i>chowkidar</i> can cook. It is better, however, to send notice to him before hand, if dinner is needed. This is the best place to break the journey.
Kuju	34	Small rest house.
Mandu	40	Good rest house. No cook. Steep descent follows.
Hazaribagh	57	Dak Bungalow. Cook. Supplies available.

HAZARIBAGH TO GIRIDIH.

The road is metalled throughout, and gives an easy run down to Giridih, passing near the famous mountain of Paresnath, with its Jain temples. At Barrakar the river is bridged, and there is here one of the best dák bungalows in Bengal :—

Rest houses.	Miles from Hazaribagh.	REMARKS.
Jherria	18	Rest house. No cook.
Bagodar	33	Dak Bungalow. Cook. Post Office.
Domree	46	Dak Bungalow. Cook. Country hilly and jungly.
Pirtarn	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	Six miles from the Barrakar river. Rest house. No cook.
Giridih	72 $\frac{1}{2}$	Dak Bungalow. Cook. Supplies. Post Office. Railway Station.

RANCHI TO CHAKARDHARPUR.

This road affords varied scenery, pretty in parts and a very good track most of the way. It has not yet been explored by a cyclist for the whole distance. The chief difficulty is food-supply, which must be carried by the cyclist, unless arrangements have previously been made. There are rest houses, with beds, available as follows: Kalamati, 13 miles; Khunti, 22; Mundhu, 30; Bangaon, 42; Hesadi, 50; Tebo, 58; Nakti (?), 64; Chakardharpur Railway Station, 72.

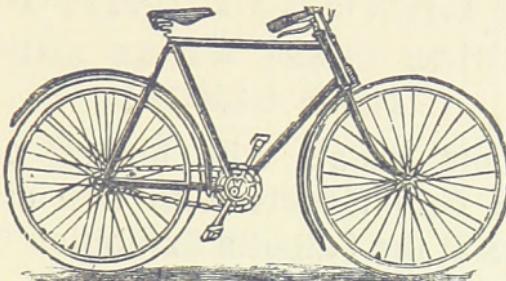
The road is not good between Tebo and Nakti. The chief rivers are unbridged, but almost dry in the cold weather.

RILEY CYCLES.

BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

HIGH
GRADE

LOW
PRICE.



FTHESE Machines are honestly built of best quality materials only, and are thoroughly reliable in every particular. Up-to-date improvements, excellent in design and finish, and constructed for lightness, with strength and rigidity.

ALL FITTED WITH

DUNLOP-WELCH

PNEUMATIC . . .
NON-SLIPPING . . .
TROPICAL TYRES . . .

GENTLEMEN'S—

" Royal " Riley Road Racer	... Rs. 350
" Imperial " Road Racer	... , , 275
" Imperial " Light Roadster (with } Brake & Mudguards)	} , , 290

LADY'S—

Royal Riley (Highest Grade)	... , , 360
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SOLE AGENTS :

**WHITEAWAY, LAIDLAW & CO.,
CALCUTTA.**

G. F. KELLNER & CO., CALCUTTA.

THE LARGEST SHIPPERS
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3 Prize Gold Medals with highest certificates
and 3 Gold Medals with first class certi-
ficates at the Calcutta Exhibition.

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Hocks, Sherries and Ports
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„ RED SEAL.
„ WHITE SEAL.

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G. F. KELLNER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail,
CALCUTTA.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CARAGOLA GHÂT TO DARJEELING.

DISTANCE.—210 miles.

ACCOMMODATION.—Dâk Bungalows at Caragola, Purneah, Dingra, Kissen-gunge, Choonbutty Titaliya, Silliguri. Hotel and Dâk Bungalow at Kurseong. Hotels and several boarding houses at Darjeeling.

This is the old cart road to Darjeeling, and before the N. B. S. Railway was opened, it was kept in capital order the whole way. With the transfer of passenger and goods traffic to the railway, it is not much used now, and consequently is a route cyclists should approach with caution. We have not explored it yet, though it is our intention to do so later on. Meanwhile, we give a few details which will help any tourist with the aid of the road map to do a little pioneering on his own account. Caragola, a town and river ghât in the Purneah District, is $245\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Calcutta and is reached *via* Sahebgunge on the East Indian Railway, thence by ferry steamer across the Ganges, after which a couple of miles over the sand bank brings us to the dâk bungalow. One of the largest fairs in Lower Bengal is held here annually, when Caragola becomes an exceedingly busy and picturesque place for ten days.

Purneah is in the Bhagalpur division, and is a dead level plain. The town itself is built on the east bank of the Saura river, and is generally regarded as an unhealthy spot, a fact which has not been without

its effect on the population, which has decreased rapidly in recent years. It carries on a big indigo and jute trade, and among its manufactures are *bidri* ware, blankets and paper. The district abounds in tiger, deer, black buck and other shikar.

At Kissengunge there is nothing of interest but the dâk bungalow and a few Government buildings, and the same may be said of Choonbutty and Titaliya. From Silliguri we can ascend the hill by the old cart road, or keep to that running alongside of the D. H. Railway,—by far the better plan. From Silliguri to Sookna (7 miles) it is absolutely level going; from this point to Ghoom (40 miles) the ascent is continual, and though steep in places, is nothing like the terrible grind many people seem to think it. From Ghoom to Darjeeling (3 miles) it is down hill, so that after all there are only 40 miles of actual climbing, and at least three-quarters of that will be found quite within an ordinary cyclist's powers.

THE COOCH-BEHAR DISTRICT.

There are no roads in this State which can be said to offer any attractions to wheelmen save for a few miles here and there, chiefly in the neighbourhood of the larger stations. There is a road running through Rungpore and Dinagepore, which might be worth exploring if any cyclist finds himself in the district. Consequently it has been shown on the road map. There are dâk bungalows at Rungpore, Dinagepore, Dowlutpore and Kuriagram.

APPENDIX.

INDIAN CYCLING RECORDS.

(Compiled up to October, 1898.)

1 MILE BICYCLE.—H. E. Bryning, 2 mins. 29 1-5th secs., Bengal P. A. Meeting, 1898; Stanley Oakes, 2 mins. 36 secs., P. A. Meeting, 1895, on grass, 4 laps to the mile ; H. E. Bryning, 2 mins. 36 secs., Ballygunge C. C. Sports, 1897, grass track.

2 MILES BICYCLE.—H. E. Bryning, Ballygunge C. C. Sports, 1897, 5 mins. 26 3-5th secs., grass track.

3 MILES BICYCLE.—H. E. Bryning, Bengal P. A. Meeting, 1898, 8 mins. 18 4-5th secs., grass track.

5 MILES BICYCLE (ROAD).—C. A. Taylor and E. H. Read, 16 mins., at Naval Volunteers' A. C. Road Race, Grand Trunk Road, Barrackpore, 1895.

23 MILES (ROAD).—C. A. Taylor, 1 hr. 5 mins., cushion tyre.

25 MILES BICYCLE (ROAD).—W. S. Burke, 1 hr. 13 mins., on cushion tyres, Grand Trunk Road, Howrah to Chandernagore, 13th March, 1892.

100 MILES BICYCLE (ROAD).—C. A. Taylor, 7 hrs. 35 mins. (cushion tyres), between 125th and 25th mile on Grand Trunk Road, 5th February, 1893.

132 MILES (ROAD).—Stanley Oakes and F. S. Rayner on a pneumatic-tyred tandem, Raneegunge to Calcutta, 9 hrs. 5 mins. net riding time, 18th November, 1894.

507 MILES (ROAD).—W. S. Burke and A. J. Millwood rode from Allahabad to Calcutta in 5 days 7 hours, on cushion tyred safeties, October, 1892.

CYCLING CLUBS IN CALCUTTA.

THE CALCUTTA RANGERS.—Head Quarters, tent, Rangers' Athletic Ground on the Maidan.

"F." COMPANY, C. V. R.—Head Quarters, C. V. R.

Y. M. C. A.—Head Quarters, Y. M. C. A. Rooms, Esplanade.

HOWRAH UNITED.—Head Quarters, H. U. Club House, Howrah.

CHOWRINGHEE.—Head Quarters, tent, C. C. C. Ground on the Maidan.

PICKWICK (*Native*).—Head Quarters, Utterpara.

BENGAL CYCLISTS' ASSOCIATION.

ITS OBJECTS.

1. To ensure a fair and equitable administration of justice as regards the rights of cyclists on the Public Roads.
2. To watch and urge the action of the Road Authorities, with a view to the more efficient supervision and maintenance of the roads.
3. To watch the course of any legislative proposals, affecting the interests of the Cycling Public, and to make such representation on the subject as the occasion may demand.
4. To consider the relation between Cyclists and the Railway Companies, with the view of securing, if possible, some modification of the present tariff for the carriage of cycles, and greater security in their conveyance.
5. To examine the question of Amateur Racing in India, and to frame definitions and make rules on the subject. To arrange for annual championships.
6. To approach the authorities, with a view to procuring a site suitable for laying out an up-to-date Cycling Track and Athletic Grounds.
7. To look after the interests of Touring Cyclists, and supply information regarding routes, roads and hotels.

HONORARY SECRETARY—Mr. Stanley Oakes, 13-2 Government Place, Calcutta.

CYCLE IMPORTERS AND REPAIRERS.

Ahmety & Co.	"Ormonde."
Bengal Cycle Company, 53, Park Street.	"Centaur," "Brathwaite," "K," "Coventry Cross," "Premier," "Tiger," "Champion."
Blazey & Co., 18, Chowringhee	"Rambler," "Singer," "Spitfire."
Calcutta Cycle Company, 16, Chowringhee.	"Swift," "Empire," "Centaur," "Raleigh," "Royal Enfield."
Eroom & Co., 1681, Dharamtolla	"Gardiner."
Favre Jacot, Lall Bazaar.	"Clement."
Great Eastern Hotel Co., 1, 2 & 3, Old Court House Street.	"White," "Wincycle," "Ariel," "Eagle."
H. Bristow & Co., 160, Dharam- tolla.	"Ariel," "Humber," "Eagle," "Gladiator," "White," "Cle- ment," "Wincycle."

Hendry & Co., 34, Dharam-	} "Rudge," "Wedge," "Cleveland," "Dunlop."
tolla.	
Leslie & Co., 2, Chowringhee.	} "Columbia" (chain and chainless), "Rudge Whitworth," "Osmond," "Claremont."
Lyon & Lyon, 16, Chowringhee.	
Pistis & Pelekanos, 104, Clive Street.	} "Royal Enfield," "Centaur," "Magic," "New Howe."
R. B. Rodda & Co., 7 & 8, Dalhousie Square.	
Stanley Oakes, 13/2, Govt. Place.	} "Clement," "Gladiator," "Humber," and "Motor" Cycles.
T. E. Bevan & Co., 13, Old Court House Street.	
T. E. Thomson & Co., Ltd., 9, Esplanade.	} "Bantam," "Triumph," "Beeston," "Royal Psycho."
Walter Locke & Co., 3, Esplanade	
Whiteaway, Laidlaw & Co., 5 & 6, Chowringhee.	} "Acatene," chainless. "Beeston," "Humber," "Rover" "Star." "Quadrant," "Elswick," "Columbia," (chain and chainless), "Humber," "Locke," "Referee."

MOFUSSIL HOTELS.

The following are the hotels in the up-country stations mentioned in this handbook :—

AGRA.—Lawrie's Great Northern, Northbrook, Empress, and Kellner's Refreshment Rooms.

ALLAHABAD.—Lawrie's Great Northern, Great Eastern, and Kellner's Retiring Rooms.

BARRACKPORE.—Barrackpore Hotel. (occasionally closed),

BENARES.—Clark's Family Hotel.

CAWNPORE.—Empress, Webb's Great Junction, Victoria and Lee's Railway Hotel

CHANDERNAGORE.—Casanova, Bijou, and Strand.

DELHI.—Lawrie's Great Northern, Grand Northbrook, Kellner's Retiring Rooms, Ludlow Castle, Metropole, and Marden's Metropolitan.

LUCKNOW.—Imperial, Royal and New Prince of Wales' Hotel.

^ DAK BUNGALOWS IN BENGAL.

BUNGALOWS.	ROADS.	DISTRICTS.
Burrakur Sanatorium	Grand Trunk Road from Calcutta, <i>via</i> Phulta Ghât to Benares Frontier	Burdwan.
Midnapur	Orissa Trunk Road from Calcutta, <i>via</i> Midnapur to Ganjam Frontier	Midnapur.
Ulubaria	Ditto ditto	Hooghly and Howrah.
Bongong	Calcutta and Jessore Road	Jessore.
Kishnaghur	Kishnaghur Sudder Station	Nuddea.
Bagula	Kishnaghur to Bagula	Do.
Jessore	Calcutta and Jessore Road	Jessore.
Berhampur	Berhampur Sudder Station	Murshidabad.
Dowlutpur	Maldah	Dinajpur.
Godagaree	Godagaree	Rajshahi.
Tannore	Tannore	Do.
Rungpur	Rungpur, <i>via</i> Kurigram to Dhoobree	Rungpur.
Kuriagram	Ditto ditto	Do.
Choonbutty	Caragola Ghât to Darjeeling.	Darjeeling.
Kurseong	Ditto ditto	Do.
Siliguri	Ditto ditto	Do.
Titalya	Ditto ditto	Jalpaiguri.
Jalpaiguri	Road from Titalya to Kuch Behar, <i>via</i> jalpaiguri	Do.
Dacca	Sudder Station	Dacca.
Daoodkandy	Megna River to Chittagong	Tippera
Chittagong	Ditto ditto	Chittagong
Barrh	Barrh Railway Station to Kutcherry	Patna.
Khogowl	Dinapur to Nowbutpur	Do.
Buktiarpur	Buktiarpur to Behar	Do.
Bankipur	Sudder Station	Do.
Behar	Buktiarpur to Behar	Do.

BUNGALOWS.	ROADS.	DISTRICTS.
Sasaram	Grand Trunk Road from Calcutta, <i>via</i> Phulta Ghât to Benares Frontier	Shahabad.
Mohunia	Ditto ditto	Do.
Dehree	Ditto ditto	Do.
Arrah	Sasaram to Arrah	Do.
Buxar	Koelwar to Chowsa	Do.
Mozufferpur	Mozufferpur to Hazipur	Mozufferpur.
Hajipur	Ditto ditto	Do.
Durbhunga	Durbhunga to Mozufferpur	Durbhunga.
Madhubani	Durbhunga to Madhubani	Do.
Chupra	Main Road Chupra Station	Sarun.
Jellasore	Orissa Trunk Road from Calcutta, <i>via</i> Midnapur to Ganjam Frontier	Balasore.
Balasore	Orissa Trunk Road from Calcutta, <i>via</i> Midnapur to Ganjam Frontier	Do.
Barriopore	Ditto ditto	Do.
Chandbally	Bhuddruck to Chandbally	Do.
Cuttack	Orissa Trunk Road from Calcutta, <i>via</i> Midnapur to Ganjam Frontier	Cuttack.
Puri	Puri to Cuttack Road	Puri.
Giridhi	Giridhi and Doomree Road	Hazaribagh.
Doomree	Grand Trunk Road from Calcutta, <i>via</i> Phulta Ghât to Benares Frontier	Do.
Parishnath Hill	Ditto ditto	Do.
Bogadur	Ditto ditto	Do.
Ramghur	Ramghur to Gola	Do.
Topchancy	Grand Trunk Road from Calcutta, <i>via</i> Phulta Ghât to Benares Frontier	Manbhumi.
Sherghatty	Grand Trunk Road from Calcutta, <i>via</i> Phulta Ghât to Benares Frontier	Gya.
Baroon	Ditto ditto	Do.
Gya	Road to Patna, <i>via</i> Gya	Do.
Jahanabad	Ditto ditto	Do.
Madhapur	East Indian Railway, Chord Line	Sonthal Parganas.
Caragola	Caragola Ghât to Darjeeling	Purneah.
Purneah	Ditto ditto	Do.
Dingra	Ditto ditto	Do
Kissengunge	Ditto ditto	Do.

CIRCUIT HOUSES IN BENGAL.

ngul.	Darbhanga.	Muzaffarpur.
Arrah	Dinajpur.	Mymensingh
Balasore.	Dumka.	
Bankura.	Faridpur.	Nator.
Bandel.	Gaya.	Noakhali
Barisal.	Hazaribagh.	Pabna.
Berhampur.	Jalpaiguri.	Purnea.
Bhagalpur.	Jessore.	Purulia.
Boalia	Khulna	Puri.
Bogra.	Krishnagar.	Rangpur.
Burdwan.	Maldah.	Rangamati.
Buxar.	Midnapore.	Ranchi.
Chapra.	Motihari.	Sandip Island.
Chaibassa.	Monghyr.	Suri.
Chittagong.		Shubalgon .
Comilla.		
Cox's Bazar.		
Cuttack (Tulsipur).		

DAK BUNGALOW CHARGES.

The charge for occupying a dâk bungalow is one rupee for every 24 hours, and eight annas for half a day, for each person. Anyone occupying a room for more than 24 hours, must vacate it if required by a new arrival.

In most dâk bungalows a printed tariff gives the rates for meals and refreshments ; but where the bungalows are not so provided, the traveller is at the mercy of the *khansamah*, and must make the best bargain he can. The *khansamah* need not be "feed," but there must be a *pourboire* for the "Knight of the Broom."

N. B.—Lock all money and valuables up or carry them in your pockets, and enter up the bungalow register carefully before leaving.

REFRESHMENT TARIFF.

At Messrs. Kellner's Refreshment Rooms along the East Indian Railway line, the following is the tariff of charges :—

FIRST CLASS ROOMS.

	Rs.	As.		Rs.	As.		Rs.	As.
Breakfast, Hot	1	8	Sandwiches,				Tea and Coffee	
Tiffin	1	8	Ham	1	0		with Butter	
Dinner	2	0	Do. Beef or				and Bread	0 8
Supper	1	8	Mutton	0	12		Do. with Eggs	0 12
Breakfast, Cold	1	0	Milk, per seer	0	4		Cheese with	
Tiffin, Cold	1	0	Tea & Coffee,				Bread & Butter	0 8
Supper ,	1	0	per cup	0	4		Plate of Soup	0 8

SECOND CLASS ROOMS.

Rs. As.	Rs. As.	Rs. As.
Breakfast, Hot 1 0	Supper 1 0	Tea or Coffee
Tiffin, " 1 0	Breakfast, Cold 0 12	with Butter
" Cold 0 12	Plate of Curry	and Bread 0 6
Dinner 1 2	& Rice 0 8	Do. with Eggs 0 10
	Tea or Coffee, per cup 0 2	Bread & Butter 0 4

When Ice is supplied with Wines, Beer, Aerated Waters, &c., an additional charge of one anna is made.

Hotel accommodation at Jamalpore, Allahabad and Delhi. Travellers can board in the rooms at Rs. 5 per head per diem, exclusive of wines, Ice and Punkha Coolies.

Bed only for the night, Rs. 1-8; Ice per diem, As. 8; Ice per glass, As. 1; Hot Bath, As. 8.

Tea and Coffee at Howrah, Nawadih, Luckeeserai, Mirzapur, Fatehpur, Hathras, Manikpur, and Katni, and at Dhanbaid (Jherriah Branch.)

ABSTRACT OF RAILWAY RULES AND RATES.

MADRAS TIME is kept at all Stations. It is 33 minutes behind Calcutta time, 7 minutes behind Allahabad time, 12 minutes in advance of Delhi Time, 8 minutes in advance of Agra time, and 30 minutes in advance of Bombay time.

CLASSES OF FARES.—There are four classes of ordinary passenger accommodation on the East Indian Railway, for which the single journey fares are as follows:—

First class, at one anna and six pies per mile. | Intermediate class, at three and-a-half pies per mile.

Second class, at nine pies per mile. | Third class, at two and-a-half pies per mile.

MENIAL SERVANTS.—First class passengers are allowed to take three, and second class passengers two servants by mail trains on payment of third class fares.

BREAKING JOURNEY.—Holders of local and through single tickets, for distances over 100 miles, are allowed one day extra for every 100 miles, or part of 100 miles, for the purpose of breaking their journey, if required.

The journey may be broken where desired on the direct route (not at branch line stations), so long as the time allowed is not exceeded.

ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS—Are issued to first, second and intermediate class passengers for the double journey at a fare and a third. These tickets are available for return according to

distance on the outward journey, and in each case the return journey must be completed by the expiry of the periods for which they are granted.

SERVANTS' RETURN TICKETS.—Third class return tickets for servants of first and second class return ticket-holders are issued to and from the same stations at a full third class fare each way.

PERIODS FOR WHICH TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE.—Single journey tickets are available for any train within 24 hours of the time of issue. Ordinary return tickets are available for return according to distance, and in each case the return journey must be completed by the expiry of the periods named below, counting from the time of departure of the train for which the ticket is taken :—

For distances (on the outward journey)	{	2 days in <i>local</i> booking, and not exceeding 25 miles	}	6 days in through booking.
„ exceeding 25 miles, but not	{	4 days in <i>local</i> booking, and exceeding 100 miles	}	6 days in through booking.
„ exceeding 100 miles, but	{	6 days, both in local & through not exceeding 300 miles	}	booking.
„ exceeding 300 miles and not exceeding 450 miles	9	„ „ „ „ „	„ „ „ „ „	„ „ „ „ „
„ exceeding 450 miles and not exceeding 600 miles	12	„ „ „ „ „	„ „ „ „ „	„ „ „ „ „
„ exceeding 600 miles and not exceeding 750 miles	15	„ „ „ „ „	„ „ „ „ „	„ „ „ „ „
„ exceeding 750 miles	— 18	„ „ „ „ „	„ „ „ „ „	„ „ „ „ „

Sunday will be considered a *dies non* except it be the day of issue, in which case it will be treated in all respects as any other day.

BICYCLES—Are carried at passengers' luggage rates, and are charged at 2 maunds less the free allowance, which is as follows :—

First class	1½ maunds.
Second class	30 seers.
Intermediate class	20 „
Third class	15 „

A FEW "TIPS."

Don't think of starting on a tour until you can take your machine to pieces and put it together again ; above all, learn how to detach and replace the tyres and repair punctures.

A few drops of oil in the hubs, bracket, pedals—nowhere else—will carry you a hundred miles. It is a great mistake and a disadvantage to pour in oil till it runs out of the bearings. This merely collects dirt, and conducts it into the working parts.

Look well after the chain. Wash it in kerosine till quite clean, and thoroughly dry it ; then soak it in lubricating oil, wipe perfectly dry and replace.

Never start without the tools and repair kit recommended in Chapter II.

Clean your machine yourself. If you cannot do so, look well after the man who does, otherwise you will soon awake to the fact that the enamel is scratched or rubbed off, the nickelizing is being stripped, the chain rusty, and the bearings full of rust and dirt. It takes a bearer about three weeks to knock fifty per cent. off the value of a new machine if he isn't carefully watched and directed. He takes a special pride in doing this.

Don't throw buckets of water over the machine, all dry mud should be damped and removed with a wet cloth. Unless a machine is in a very filthy condition, hardly any water is required beyond sufficient to damp the cleaning cloths. Brush the tyres, wipe with damp rags, and thoroughly dry them every time.

Run kerosine through the bearings occasionally.

Use "Selvyt" and rouge for polishing the plated parts.

Use the best lubricant you can buy, and the best oil for your lamp.

Get the most comfortable saddle you can, and keep it soft and pliant. It is the basis of comfort in touring.

To find the gear of a machine, multiply the diameter of the back wheel by the number of teeth on the bracket chain wheel, and divide by the number of teeth on the hub ring.

When the machine is to be put by for a few weeks, cover the plated parts with vaseline and slightly deflate the tyres.

EASTERN BENGAL STATE RAILWAY.

LOCAL TRAINS—CALCUTTA TO KANCHRAPARA.

UP

Miles.	Stations.	Daily.	Week-days.	Saturday.	Daily.	Week-days.	Sunday only.	Daily.	Daily.
d.	Sealdah	6-28	6-43	7-33	8-38	11-23	13-30	14-50	15-00
4	Dum-Dum J.C.	..	6-54	7-28	8-11	11-34	13-43	15-11	17-11
14	Barrackpur	..	6-53	7-43	8-27	12-08	14-18	15-22	15-45
19	Shamnagar	7-51	8-36	9-46	12-23	14-34	15-34
22	Kankinara	7-10	7-58	8-46	9-53	12-31	14-43
24	Naihati J.C.	a.	7-21	8-11	8-59	10-06	12-51	15-04	16-04
28	Kanchrapara								

LOCAL TRAINS—KANCHRAPARA TO CALCUTTA.

DOWN

Miles.	Stations.	Daily.	Week-days.	Saturday.	Daily.	Week-days.	Sunday only.	Daily.	Daily.
28	Kanchrapara	d.	4-18	5-27	6-35	7-45	8-33	8-30	8-42
24	Naihati J.C.	..	4-33	5-43	6-50	8-00	8-48	8-45	8-57
22	Kankinara	5-50	6-56	8-06	8-54	8-51	9-03
19	Shamnagar	..	4-46	5-59	7-05	8-15	9-03	9-00	9-12
14	Barrackpur	..	4-59	6-16	7-20	8-30	9-18	9-15	9-27
4	Dum-Dum J.C.]	..	5-22	6-56	7-53	9-03	9-48	11-00	11-58
..	Sealdah	a.	5-33	7-10	8-03	9-13	9-48	9-58	10-10

"Note.—The small road-side stations are not shown in the above time tables.

EAST INDIAN RAILWAY.

UP LOCAL TRAINS—CALCUTTA TO BURDWAN AND INTERMEDIATE STATIONS.

STATIONS.	Daily.		Daily.		Daily.		Daily.		Daily.	
	Week-days.		Saturdays only.		Saturdays only.		Saturdays only.		Saturdays only.	
Howrah	d.	6-33	7-05	9-03	9-33	11-03	13-03	14-38	15-48	17-13
Serampur	...	7-09	7-45	9-26	10-09	11-39	13-39	15-14	16-12	17-18
Chandernagur	7-41	8-22	9-44	10-38	12-08	14-08	15-43	16-30
Hooghly	7-54	8-34	9-55	10-51	12-16	14-19	15-54	17-44
Pundooah	8-36	9-22	10-26	11-34	13-04	15-01	16-36	17-12
Burdwan	9-50	10-52	11-18	12-53	14-23	16-20	17-49	18-05
	a.	9-50								

* To Burdwani on Sundays only.

DOWN

STATIONS.	Daily.		Daily.		Daily.		Daily.		Daily.	
	Week-days.		Saturdays only.		Saturdays only.		Saturdays only.		Saturdays only.	
Burdwan	d.	4-40	6-38	6-16	6-48	8-18	9-43	10-04	12-00	14-08
Pundooah	7-33	7-53	8-08	9-38	10-40	11-27	13-19	15-33
Hooghly	...	5-50	8-05	8-37	8-49	10-23	11-13	12-13	14-00	16-08
Chandernagur	8-13	8-45	8-57	10-31	11-22	12-23	14-08	16-16
Serampur	8-33	9-06	...	11-45	12-53	14-37	16-45	18-10
Howrah	...	a.	8-53	9-33	10-03	11-36	12-15	13-28	15-14	17-23
	...									

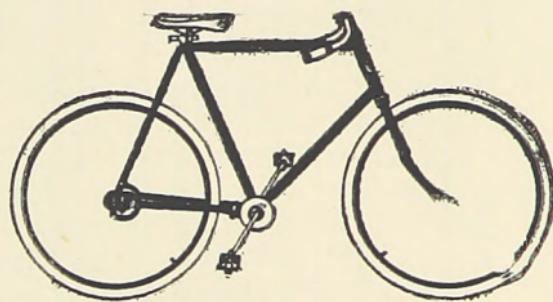
NOTE.—The small road-side stations are not shown in the above time tables.

COLUMBIA

CHAIN-GEARED

AND

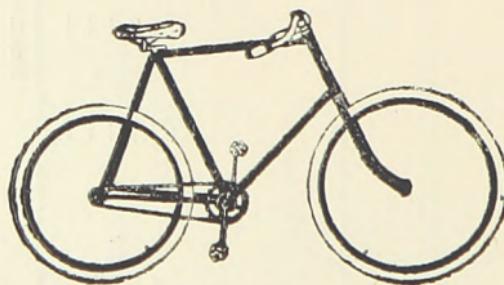
CHAINLESS



= = BICYCLES.

PRICES.

MODEL	NO.	17	YOUTH'S	CHAIN-GEARED	..	RS.	150
"	"	18	GIRL'S	"	" ..	150
"	"	15	GENT'S	"	" ..	175
"	"	16	LADY'S	"	" ..	175
"	"	7	GENT'S	"	" ..	225
"	"	8	LADY'S	"	" ..	225
"	"	44	GENT'S	"	" ..	275
"	"	45	DO.	"	" ..	325
"	"	46	LADY'S	"	" ..	325
"	"	50	GENT'S	CHAINLESS	450
"	"	51	LADY'S	"	" ..	450



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As through the busy streets there went
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II.

His eye was bright, his form upright ;
He held his banner to the light;
His business there to advertise
The sporting goods, famed far and wide—

EROOM's !

III.

Nor snow nor ice were seen about,
As lustily that youth did shout:
If Polo, Tennis, &c., you would choose,
And not know which the best to use—

GET EROOM's !

—:o:—

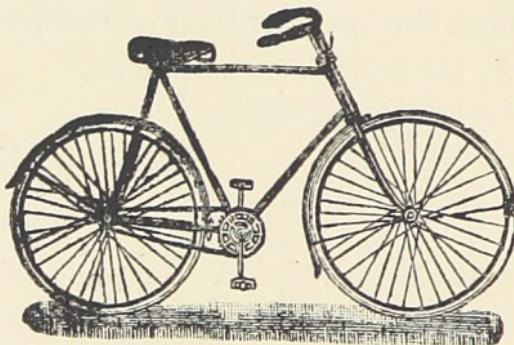
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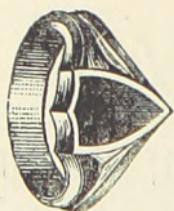
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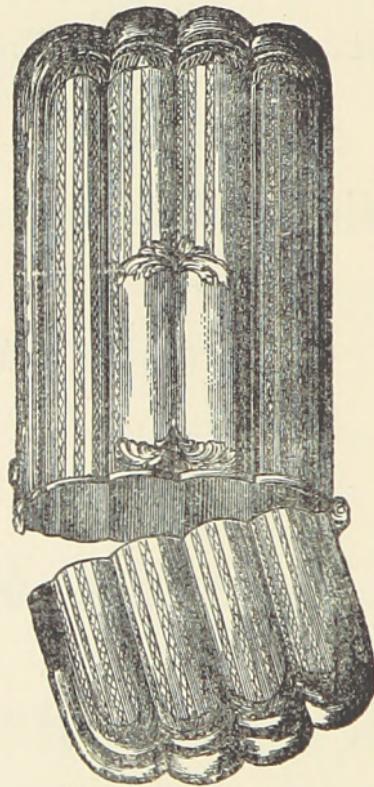
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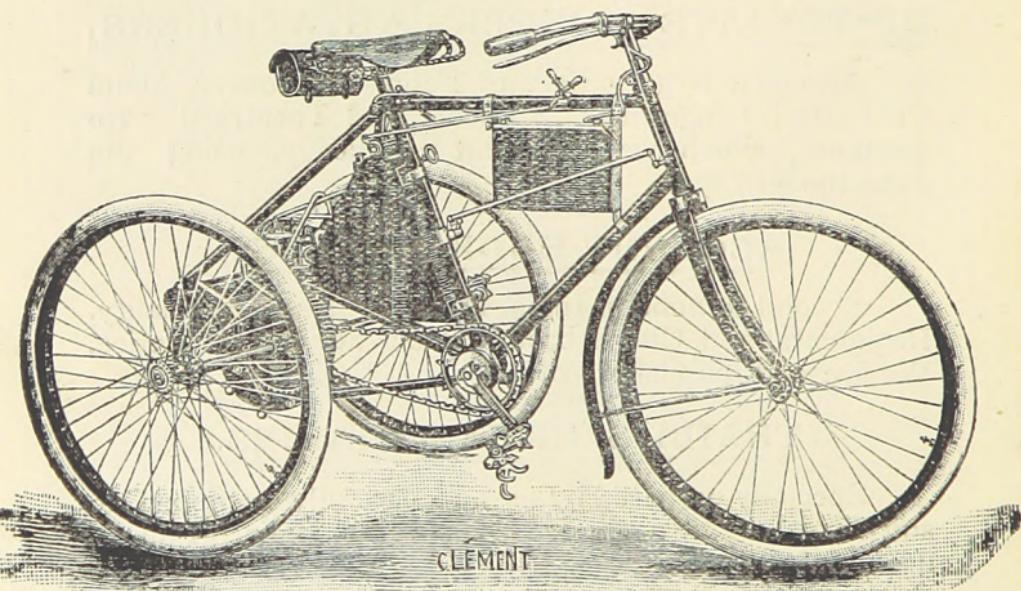
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